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THE CHALLENGE OF GREECE

In Greece, as in Belgium, our troops have been manœuvred into supporting an unpopular government which can maintain itself only by bloodshed. But the two cases are hardly comparable. Belgium is the base for our operations against Germany: an army cannot tolerate disorder along its lines of communication. M. Pierlot, moreover, unpopular and inefficient though his administration is, has behind him a majority in the antiquated Parliament which Belgians elected in the distant days of peace. But in Greece there is no obvious military reason for our presence there at all. Save in a few of the islands military operations are at an end; nor is Greece a route which leads to any British theatre of war. Between General Scobie and the enemy there is a wide belt of Greek, Bulgarian, Yugoslav and Russian troops. Behind the Ministry of M. Papandreou there stands no elected assembly whatever; every vestige of democracy was swept away by the Fascist dictatorship which King George inflicted on the country nine years ago. This Ministry was at the start a coalition which fairly represented the chief parties; but first the Liberals under the younger Venizelos quitted it, and then the spokesmen of the resistance movement, E.A.M. It was a mere Rump, representing nothing but M. Papandreou and the King, which risked civil war by ordering the one-sided disarmament of the guerrillas who, alone and unaided, maintained Greek resistance.

Mr. Churchill, in a statement to the House as petulant as it was partisan, distorted the meaning of this crisis. There is nothing in the facts that justifies his phrase that tommy-guns are being used "to impose by violence a Communist dictatorship without the people being able to express their wishes." E.A.M. is no more a Communist party organisation than was the C.F.I. in France, though Communists are active among its leaders. Its purpose is to purge Greece of Fascism and to restore the democracy the King destroyed. Its chief anxiety is that in due course the elections shall be freely conducted and not rigged by the King or one of the Royalist generals—as was notoriously done by General Kondylis in 1935, when more monarchist votes were cast in some districts than the total number of electors.

E.A.M. had agreed to the disbandment of its guerrilla forces, but it expected that the same rule should apply also to two volunteer formations, the Mountain Brigade and the Sacred Battalion, chosen in Egypt for their loyalty to the King, when most of the army and fleet declared for a republic and were then interned by us. These two formations had been withdrawn from the active front in Italy and the Isles, and brought to Athens, presumably for a political purpose. When General Scobie refused to let them be demobilised, E.A.M. suggested a compromise which for a time M. Papandreou accepted. It would disband its partisans, provided a brigade drawn from their ranks were kept under arms, to balance the royalist forces.

That compromise M. Papandreou, under British direction, rejected. Orders for the unilateral disarmament of the Left were drawn up; the E.A.M. Ministers refused to endorse them, and resigned. That their suspicions were justified is shown by General Scobie's next move. A General Strike being called, he brought the Mountain Brigade to Athens; supported it by British paratroops and armour in open hostilities against the patriots; and machine-gunned the city from the air. Disembarkation of food supplies has stopped.

This crisis, begotten by intrigue, is now big with tragedy. Even Mr. Churchill could not defend the conduct of the police, who fired on a demonstration mainly composed of unarmed youths and children and went on firing for an hour. This police force was trained in these methods of barbarism first of all under the Fascist dictatorship: its education was perfected by the Germans, whom it served for three years. This quisling body we protected with our tanks, while we insist on disarming the guerrillas who defied the Germans and beat them. What is even worse, Mr. Churchill hinted that he proposes to retain under arms the "Security Battalions" raised by the Germans and the puppet Rallis Government to fight the Resistance movement. What does this topsy-turvy policy mean? It means, first of all, that behind the constitutional question lurks an acute class conflict. The propertied minority which once maintained itself against the masses by a Fascist terror, now puts its trust in foreign bayonets. What is even more dangerous, we are relying on an unpopular king, in the struggle to keep Greece within Britain's sphere of influence. The solid response to the call for a general strike is proof enough that Mr. Churchill is grossly mistaken in his belief that the tools he has chosen have the majority of the people behind them.

Mr. Churchill is abusing the affection of his countrymen. He is using our men and our resources to impose his personal policy on the liberated Continent. In Italy he vetoes Count Sforza and now in Greece he has forbidden the formation of an all-party Cabinet under the veteran Liberal leader, M. Sophoulis. This claim to dictate will soon set half Europe against us: it has already drawn a rebuke from the American State Department. These tactics, which aim at building British influence on the discredited forces of the past, have everywhere failed: in Greece they have ended in tragedy and revolt. It is time to make an end. To Downing Street we have learned that it is useless to appeal. But for all this sinister blundering the responsibility falls on the Labour Ministers in the War Cabinet no less than on their Tory colleagues. Will history record only their share in frustrating the social renovation of Europe that ought to follow its liberation from the German yoke? Next week their Party meets in conference. It cannot endorse this record and shoulder this guilt. If it is given a chance to speak its mind, it will certainly call for a new departure in policy. It should instruct its Ministers to take their stand with the popular forces in Europe. If they can do this only by threatening to resign, they should remember that they would be taking their stand on a great moral issue on which every honourable British tradition is founded. At the centre of power, British Labour is to-day the trustee for the masses in Europe. Its duty is to aid their struggle to power and freedom.

The Writing on the Wall

Mr. Churchill's autocratic diplomacy seems as much resented by democrats on the other side of the Atlantic as it is by the unfortunate patriots who have incurred his displeasure. The sharp terms of the U.S. *démarche* on the Italian question will, we hope, serve to remind the Prime Minister that other peoples and other interests than our own are concerned with the struggle to restore democracy in ex-enemy and liberated countries. The U.S. press reflects with some asperity American disapproval of British unilateral interference with the attempt to form a new Italian Government. It is immaterial whether Mr. Eden, like Mr. Churchill, disapproves of Count Sforza's opposition to Signor Bonomi—or, did he really mean to say, to Badoglio? For the personal issue reflects a general and unjustifiable policy. Although the Italian Parties may not yet agree on the character of a new Ministry, the mischief has been done. What was and should have remained a question of internal Italian politics has been turned, by incredible stupidity, into an affront to Italian democracy as a whole. Here, as in Greece, our goodwill as liberators has been frittered away, and we have sown the seeds of national as well as class bitterness. The Dutch Prime Minister, Mr. Gerbrandy, has read the writing on the wall, and has announced that he will make way for a Government based upon Resistance, immediately after the liberation of Holland. Will events teach Mr. Churchill?

Critical Days in China

The appointment of Dr. T. V. Soong as Acting President of the Chungking Cabinet, leaving General Chiang Kai-shek free to concentrate on his functions as Commander-in-Chief, encourages hopes that a more serious effort may be made to achieve *rapprochement* between the Kuomintang and the so-called "Communist" Border Regions. The military crisis which confronts China, and calls for the maximum of united resistance, becomes graver every week. The Japanese force which has been advancing south astride the Pekin-Liuchow railway has nearly reached Nanking and is within measurable distance of the Indo-Chinese railhead at Langson. When the partially constructed line between Liuchow and Langson is completed, the Japanese will have a land route working between Manchuria and Malaya. Further, a second Japanese column has struck north from Liuchow, with the obvious intention of cutting the Burma Road at Kweiyang, and so forestalling the Allies' plan to send supplies from India along the Ledo-Bhamo road now under construction. The loss of Kweiyang would not completely frustrate the effort to reopen road communications with China; it is possible to reach Chungking by a difficult route running north from Kunming *via* Chengtu. The vital point is Kunming, which is not merely the key to the Burma Road, but is the terminal for air-borne supplies. From Kweiyang to Kunming it is 250 miles—no great distance for the Japanese if resistance is weak.

Deadlock in the Air

Ever since the rejection of the plan sponsored by Australia and New Zealand for ownership and operation by a World Authority of all civil aircraft on international routes, it was plain that the Chicago Conference would get nowhere: there was no real way of bridging the gap between the American demand for unrestricted competition and the British Government's proposal that private enterprise should function within the limits set by a system of national traffic-quotas. All that emerges from the Conference is (1) an International Air Organisation whose task will be the supervision of safety standards, navigational aids and other technical matters; (2) agreement on a "law of the air" guaranteeing to all commercial machines rights of innocent passage and of landing for service and fuel. This leaves the stage clear for bilateral bargaining—a policy which the U.S. air lines will undoubtedly pursue with vigour. Already they have concluded negotiations with Franco for a New York—Madrid—Barcelona service, and a bargain with De Valera is likely to follow. Piecemeal development of civil flying on these lines may meet the immediate needs of Pan-American Airways, but it will not suffice for Europe, from the point of view either of security or economic efficiency. For the Continent, including Britain, international regulation is imperative. In due course, when the U.S.S.R. (not represented at Chicago) is ready to participate, a scheme for civil aviation in Europe will have to be discussed.

World Labour and its Problems

The Preparatory Committee for the World Trade Union Conference has now been meeting in London. Trade Unionism is not Socialism; and the full Conference, which is due to meet in January, will have nothing officially to do with the rebuilding of international Socialism. Indirectly, however, the connection is bound to be close. The United States does not count in world Socialism, but counts for a good deal in the Trade Union field; and it is obviously very much easier to build a bridge between the Trade Unions of the Soviet Union and of other countries than to bring about a reconciliation between the Socialist Parties of Europe and the Communist Party—even though the Third International no longer exists to complicate the problem. It is of the first importance that European Trade Unionism be reconstituted as a united movement and not in fractions divided by ideological differences. It is of the first importance that "Labour" shall speak with a united voice at the Peace Conference; and, despite the abstention of the A.F. of L., there is much more hope of this on the industrial than on the political plane. Clearly, the time has come for the British T.U.C. to throw over its alliance with the A.F. of L., which is hopelessly hampering in relation to world affairs, and to throw in its lot with the C.I.O. and the Soviet Trade Unions in the building of a new, inclusive International to supersede the obsolete I.F.T.U. One question which will have to be settled is the attitude of World Trade Unionism towards the I.L.O., which is not once mentioned in the Dumbarton Oaks draft, and is suspect in Soviet quarters. Another is the action to be taken in rebuilding Trade Unionism in Germany and in other areas when both Soviet and British and American occupying or liberating forces will be working together.

Cartels and the Public

Sir Clive Baillieu's success in persuading the international conference of business men which has been meeting in America to pass a resolution favouring international cartels has its humorous side. Officially, the United States is busy witch-hunting cartels and similar combinations; and American business is making a great song about the necessity for giving competition a free run in the settlement of post-war economic affairs, and keeping out State intervention. The Americans, however, have never in the past regarded cartels designed to exploit foreigners with the same critical eyes as they have turned on cartels operating in the home market: nor have American business men objected to State intervention when it has been used to help them get rid of unwanted supplies or protect their interests in foreign markets. Indeed, American policy as a whole is apt to draw a sharp distinction between what is fair at home and what is fair abroad, while insisting that other countries shall refrain from making similar distinctions. In the matter of cartels, the truth of course is that it is as absurd to denounce them indiscriminately as to encourage them. Cartels, in a wide sense, can be useful instruments for regulating production and trade—provided that there exists an authority strong enough effectively to scrutinise and control their doings from the standpoint of the public interest. In the case of purely national cartels, this is a question of national control over restrictive practices; but in the case of international bodies how is the parallel control to be exercised? It ought to be exercised under the auspices of the International Economic and Social Council proposed in the Dumbarton Oaks scheme. But will it be? Will the American let it be, even if other countries are willing? Or will they prefer international cartels free of supervision, on the lines of the familiar arrangements between Duponts, I.C.I. and I.G. Farben?

The Statistical Black-out is Ended

The White Paper on the British War Effort on which we commented briefly in a leading article last week, is so valuable a storehouse of economic information that every wise person will make haste to secure a copy. The reader of it is naturally set thinking not only about the magnitude of the actual effort disclosed, but also about its bearing on problems of reconstruction. He will note, for one thing, the very small expansion in the output of iron and steel, despite the very great growth of the engineering and kindred industries. This is, of course, an outcome of Lease-lend; but it points to a possible shortage of steel after the war, which may handicap our exports, and to the probability of a very great and rapid scaling down of engineering and the other metal trades which depend on steel. Another thing that stands out is the scale on which arrears of consumers' supplies have been piling up, not only in the clothing and textile trades but also in furniture, pottery and a host of lesser trades producing household supplies, which will have to be expanded very rapidly side by side with house-building in order to meet clamant demand. On the agricultural side, the outstanding feature, apart from increased cereal production, are the declines in the sheep and pig and poultry populations and in the acreage used for pasture—all of which provoke questions still unanswered about the Government's intention in respect of post-war agricultural policy. Finally, in the foreign trade field, what stands out is the fall of British exports to less than one-third of their pre-war volume—which one naturally relates to the amended terms of Lease-lend for the period following the conclusion of the German war. We are, it is understood, to regain some freedom and to escape from some part of the restrictions imposed on our exports as a condition of Lease-lend, and accordingly we are in future to pay on the nail for American materials which form a necessary element in our exports.

PARLIAMENT: "... the Tug of War!"

Wednesday, noon.

PARTY meetings, privy conspiracies, and jockeyings for position preceded Friday's debate on the Greek crisis; at the moment of writing it seems likely to be on the Adjournment, which may spare the more cautious Labour Members the embarrassment of feeling that they ought to vote against the Government—though the Speaker may decide to call the Amendment to the Address put down by Acland, Parker, Cocks and others.

The scene which followed the Prime Minister's statement on Tuesday was unusually prolonged and tumultuous. It began with a private-notice question by Haden Guest; when he tried also to move the Adjournment of the House at once to discuss this urgent matter, Mr. Speaker refused to accept the motion, (*a*) because Guest could put down an amendment to the Address, (*b*) because "the firing by the Greek police on a Greek procession" was not the definite responsibility of a Minister, (*c*) because he thought it would be "a very great mistake" to debate, on such motion, the "possible conduct of a Gefferal in control of a theatre of war." (Throaty growls of approval from the Tories.) The Prime Minister allowed himself to be drawn by a series of long supplementaries into replies which were felt to be neither conciliatory nor accurate—as that the Greek situation might "degenerate into ... Communist dictatorship," and that the Security Battalions had been "very largely" the protectors of the peasantry against E.A.M.

Immediately before the events of last week-end the House had debated Foreign Affairs. Geor

Strauss was criticising the Government for anti-progressive intervention in Belgium, Italy and Greece when Eden saw fit to interrupt him with the reminder that there was in Greece "a government of all the parties." Aneurin Bevan associated the European situation with the ban on M.P.s' visits to Paris, exclaiming that "this weary old Parliament" had been for five years in "intellectual and political quarantine." Eden gave a highly sophistical reply to this debate. Bevan having said that, symbolically, the reason for the ban on the Tory M.P.'s trip was that "the Government can see no way of allowing those Members to go to Paris and keeping me here," Eden assured him that, as Leader of the House, it would not be his ambition to keep Bevan in England. Eden then proceeded to some slapdash generalisations about what "Germans" believe, and—sheltering behind the word "democracy"—to imply that, so far as he knew, M. Pierlot had overwhelming popular support in Belgium. He then put the Labour Party on the spot by giving a post-election guarantee of social legislation on behalf of the Conservative Party and assuming Labour support in such a situation.

So dominant on Tuesday was the Greek crisis that there was less than the expected excitement about the debate on legislative delays and electoral prospects. Jim Griffiths firmly reiterated the Labour Party's anti-"coupon" position, and said that it was Parliament's duty to carry through the social legislation before dissolution. Attlee made a watery reply: ". . . these questions are very complicated," they mean a lot of work in the departments, "the Government were right, with so heavy a programme, to strike a note of caution."

The strangest interruption of the week came from Lady Astor, who, when Labour Members were heckling a Tory election-campaign speech by Wardlaw-Milne, said, "Please don't interrupt"—the pot and the kettle indeed.

On a curious case raised by Hogg—the case of a staff-sergeant who actually does not want to come home from the Middle East—Grigg said, "The Army cannot admit that because a man has married a Levantine while on active service he has a right to remain indefinitely in the Middle East. . ." On the equally curious case of the newspaper story and photographs of the German boy snipers, he explained that censorship dealt in security only, not in accuracy.

PONTIFEX MINOR

WE CAN AFFORD IT

As the Party G.H.Q.'s make their tactical dispositions for the 1945 General Election, the strategic issue—will Britain be rich or poor?—becomes plain. In recent articles discussing this question we reached the broad conclusion that the answer depends much less on material conditions beyond our control than on the wisdom or folly with which we conduct our economic affairs. There are, of course, limits to the amount of riches we can expect in any case to enjoy. These limits are set primarily by our resources in manpower, by the rate of technical progress, and by the material basis on which our productivity is found to rest—that is, the extent of our supplies of gettable coal, fertile soils, and other natural advantages. These set the upper limits to what we can in any case achieve; but there is no reason to suppose that the rate of technical progress is likely to slow down. it is indeed much more likely to be speeded up, and to make a large contribution to relieving us from some of the disadvantages we suffer from through shortage of native raw material supplies.

Within these limits, prospects depend on policy. Not, of course, on British policy alone. It will be easier for us to prosper in a prosperous than in a disorganised world, and to enjoy a high standard of living, based on sensible production policies, if other countries are doing the same. But, with this qualification, our fate is in our own hands. First, we have got to rid our minds of out-worn conceptions—for instance, the false notion that public affairs are merely private affairs writ large, and that the finances of States ought to be managed in the same way as a provident private citizen sets out to manage his own expenditure. What we have to get into our heads in place of this false notion is the idea that the size of the national income is what we choose to make it, up to the limit set by our total capacity to produce, and that no financial policy can be right if it results in our producing less than we could, unless we prefer to produce less on human as distinct from economic grounds—e.g. by preferring more leisure to greater riches.

The immediate relevance of this issue to post-war policy is already evident. Those who are asking "Can we afford Beveridge?" are still thinking in terms of a fixed national income, and regarding anything spent by the State as necessarily taken away from someone else's spending, and anything additional spent out of taxation as so much deducted from the taxpayers' incomes. This view, plausible as it still appears to a great many people, is demonstrably untrue, at any point short of one at which there are left no unused resources available to be brought into use, that is, at any point short of "full employment" in the sense given to the phrase in Sir William Beveridge's new report. For, in the first place, if the State spends money, or causes it to be spent, in such a way as to add to employment and production, a considerable part of the additional income thus generated will accrue automatically to the State without any increase in the current *rates* of tax. Tax *yields* will rise, without any heavier *burdens* being imposed. Secondly, State spending, whether by way of additional investment or by way of subsidies to consuming power, will not mean so much deducted from private investment or spending. On the contary, it will tend to make private investment more profitable and attractive, and will help to bring further resources into use by creating a larger effective demand from consumers. So long as we do not over-step the total available supply of productive resources, the danger of inflation does not arise.

No better practical essay in the new economics has yet been published than the appendix, by Mr. Nicholas Kaldor, attached to Sir William Beveridge's recent book. Mr. Kaldor there shows by irrefutable arguments that if Great Britain had been following a full employment policy in 1938 not only would the national income have been larger by approximately £500 millions, but also a deficit on current public expenditure which was actually incurred to the amount of over £100 millions would have been wiped out. No doubt the pursuit of a full employment policy involves, under normal conditions, public borrowing for capital purposes, in order to maintain total expenditure on investment at an adequate level (for though there are other theoretical possibilities, which Mr. Kaldor examines, it practically comes to this). But it can be shown, and is shown conclusively in Mr. Kaldor's analysis, that the State can borrow all it needs for this purpose—and indeed a great deal more—without even causing the annual burden of the public debt to become a larger proportion of the national income available for meeting it, provided only that the State continues the policy of cheap money inaugurated in the 'thirties and maintained as the basis of war finance.

These conclusions may even now seem startling to quite a number of people. But they will no longer startle either Sir John Anderson or the Treasury officials who have been learning economics under the tutorship of Lord Keynes. It has long been a recognised truth that internal debt merely redistributes income, and does not reduce it; and it follows that a rising national debt merely increases the amount of redistribution. If the results of this process are disliked, they can be redressed by other measures of redistribution through taxation, such as changes in the tax system or additions to the social services paid for out of the public purse. As long as full employment is maintained by the appropriate action, such redistribution will not impose any *net* burden, or cause the national income to fall; for national income depends on the volume of productive employment.

Mr. Kaldor, in his most interesting study, sets forth his estimate of what the national income should be by about 1948 (which he takes as a post-war, and post-post-war-disturbance, year) on a basis of full employment. He estimates that, whereas the net national income in 1938 was about £4,675 millions, and could have been £5,175 millions given full employment, we should have by 1948 a national income, *at* 1938 *prices*, of at least £5,600 millions, or, allowing for a rise of prices by one-third, of £7,450 millions. Such an income, he shows, would be amply enough to finance social security, educational, and other post-war expenditure promised or in prospect, with little or no increase of taxation above the *pre-war* level. Even at pre-war rates of taxation, the deficit would be smaller than the actual deficit in 1938; and a rise in taxation of only 6 per cent. would wipe the entire deficit out.

It is impossible here to summarise Mr. Kaldor's case, which needs to be studied in full. But enough has been said to make it clear that, if we want to be well off, a policy of full employment is the first essential, and that, given such a policy, we have every prospect of being substantially better off. There is, however, a reservation which it is necessary to make. Our national income should be substantially higher than before the war, as soon as the inevitable difficulties of the immediate post-war transition have been overcome. But we shall need, for a period, to apply a substantially bigger proportion of that income than we were applying before the war to investment as opposed to current consumption. We have ahead of us both a vast housing programme and the need to remodel our industries so as to bring them thoroughly up to date; and we ought, in addition, to make a substantial contribution to *world* reconstruction by supplying investment goods to devastated or backward countries without the prospect of an immediate equivalent return. Thus, even if our national income is considerably larger, our current consumption may have for some time to be kept down while we are catching up with arrears of investment at home and helping countries much worse circumstanced than we shall be to get on their feet.

This may mean either continued rationing or other means of clamping down expenditure on consumption while these essential tasks are being fulfilled; but by way of compensation it means a higher level of consumption subsequently, when our improved production equipment results in a larger flow of goods and when the increased prosperity of the world as a whole begins to react favourably on our own standards of living. In the long run we shall be able to spend on consumption not only a much larger amount per head, but also an increasing proportion of the total national income. If, however, we attempt to enjoy too much of our cake at once, we shall play both our own children and the world as a whole a scurvy trick. This does not mean that even in the short run—when once we are over the immediate difficulties of the transition—our standards of consumption need be lower than they were in 1939.

Theoretically, the demonstration of possibilities is conclusive. But will the possibilities be made actual? They will be, if we hold firmly to the policy of full employment and do not allow ourselves to be deflected from it on any account. They will be, that is, if those who guide our policy, and if the public opinion which guides them, can be purged of bad economic motives and injected with sound ones, and if, further, the pursuance of sound economic policies is not sacrificed to other considerations, such as the preservation of class interests or monopoly powers, which are flatly inconsistent with the full employment on which our future depends.

PEACE AND JUSTICE AT DUMBARTON OAKS

THE two most remarkable features about the Dumbarton Oaks proposals with regard to peace and security have not been generally noticed. The first is that the Security Council, unlike the League Council under Article XV of the Covenant, has no obligation to concern itself with the merits of a dispute brought to its attention, nor even with the question whether the dispute is ever settled or not. The sole duty of the Council is to determine whether in fact the continuance of the dispute threatens peace. Subject to that duty the Council is not only free, but positively enjoined, to tell the parties to a dispute not to come bothering it but to run off and settle the matter between themselves as best they can.

The second remarkable feature is that the Council is under no obligation to coerce an aggressor and to stand by a victim of aggression. There is nothing corresponding to the obligation in Article 10 of the Covenant to respect and to preserve against external aggression the territorial integrity and political independence of a Member of the League, nor to the obligation in Article 16 to break off economic relations with, and if necessary to take military action against, an aggressor. The duty of the Security Council is to be the wider one of recommending or deciding upon "measures to restore or maintain peace and security," in case both of "threats to peace" and "acts of aggression." That is analogous to the duty of the League Council, under Art. XI of the Covenant, to recommend any action deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations, in case of any war or threat of war. Clearly, the Security Council may, if it chooses in any particular case, interpret its duty to maintain or restore peace as involving action to coerce an aggressor. That possibility was plainly provided for at Dumbarton Oaks. But it is equally clear that the Security Council has no obligation to interpret its duty in this sense. It would have the right, if it chose, to maintain or restore peace by putting pressure on both parties to accept a compromise, or even on the weaker party to yield to the demands of the stronger. In short, the United Nations Charter might be made a cover for appeasement as practised in the declining years of the League.

During those years we heard a lot about the Council being a peace-keeping, not a justice-enforcing, body. The appeasers always said that the important thing was to maintain or restore peace, and that to coerce an aggressor meant war—or an extension of the existing war. Their action always consisted in trying to buy off the aggressor at the expense of his victim. For instance, after Italy had been condemned as an aggressor and the whole League was supposed to be coercing it into restoring peace, Sir Samuel Hoare told the Committee for Co-ordinating League Sanctions that it was essential "in a spirit of impartial justice" to seek a solution equally satisfactory to "all three parties to the controversy"—the League, Italy, and Abyssinia—and then showed what he meant in the Hoare-Laval deal, whereby Italy was bribed to stop fighting by being offered half of Abyssinia.

At Geneva this sort of thing was done only *de facto*, in defiance of the spirit and letter of the Covenant. But in the United Nations Charter appeasement is given *de jure* status and may become the normal procedure of the Security Council. For only by being ready to threaten war in support of its own views can a party to a dispute claim the right to have it considered by the Security Council. So long as it behaves itself, its rights, so far as the Security Council is concerned, are internationally negligible and may go by default. The more aggressive (i.e. stronger) party in a dispute may bully the more pacific (i.e. weaker) up to the point, if any, where the weaker party is goaded into making a stand in defence of what remains of its rights.

By threatening to fight it would at least secure the attention of the Security Council—but without any guarantee that the latter would protect it against further aggression. On the contrary, the Great Powers would have the right to take a short cut to peace by urging the weaker party to make some more concessions to the stronger rather than to disturb peace by resisting. And if the victim refused, the Great Powers could threaten to hold it responsible for the ensuing war, and to leave it to its fate, since its stubborn intransigence had wrecked the well-meant efforts of the Council to seek peace and ensue it. That was the way the appeasers bullied the Czechs into capitulation to Hitler.

Appeasement was a revival of the classical methods and morals of power-politics, of the diplomacy of international anarchy. The Foreign Office and the State Department, who were the principal authors of the Dumbarton Oaks plan, have not been convinced by the consequences of appeasement that it was a wrong policy. They conclude that the appeasers failed because their style was cramped by the unduly idealistic Covenant. They dream of organising peace after the second world war on the basis of a return to the statecraft of the Concert of the Great Powers that flourished before the first world war. They are determined that the new Charter shall be a "realistic" document, affording no legal handhold for the victims of aggression nor any excuse for the intrusion of public opinion, moved by an untimely sense of justice to oppose the rough-and-ready peace-making of the Great Powers. In fact, however, public opinion cannot be disregarded and the World Organisation must not be oblivious to the concept of justice.

The central problem of organising peace is how to keep the Great Powers together, and to integrate their action as a group with the machinery and obligations of a new international authority, so as to guarantee justice to the smaller States and give them a fair share in shaping decisions.

Keeping the Great Powers together is partly a matter of paper commitments and partly a question of policy. The Dumbarton Oaks Conference took the obvious step of making the Great Powers permanent members of the Security Council whose duty it is to maintain peace: they accept the obligation to use their combined national forces and resources, if necessary, to uphold the authority of the Council. Such a general commitment is only likely to serve to keep the Great Powers together, provided their action as a group dominating the Security Council can be correctly related to the obligations of the United Nations as a whole. For this purpose I propose certain amendments to the scheme suggested at Dumbarton Oaks.

(1) It is at present laid down (Chapter II) that members of the organisation "shall settle their disputes by peaceful means" and refrain "from the threat or use of force." The members should be put under a definite obligation to renounce war, declared or undeclared, or the use of force as an instrument of national policy, and to submit any dispute likely to lead to a rupture to arbitration, judicial settlement or inquiry by the Council.

(2) The Council should have the duty, on appeal by a party, of trying to effect a settlement. If the Council had not succeeded within a reasonable time—say one year—in helping the parties to agree on a solution, it should have the duty, and any member of the Council should have the right, to publish a report giving its views of the facts of the case and recommending the solution it deemed right and proper. As the Council would have no power to impose a solution on the parties, and as they would not be obliged to accept its report, the Council could take its decisions under this article by a mere majority. League experience suggests that the Council should be assisted by a Permanent Commission of Conciliation and Equity, which would do the detailed work of mediation and negotiation, submit proposals to the parties, draft recommendations, or suggest asking the Permanent (Hague) Court for an advisory opinion.

(3) Any party should have the right to refer the Permanent Court a dispute not settled within, say, 18 months of its first coming before the Council. The Court's jurisdiction would be recognised by the States-members as compulsory with regard to any such dispute. Failure to carry out the Court's decision should be dealt with by the Council as a "situation which may lead to international friction."

(4) Any State, or the Secretary-General on his own initiative, should have the right to bring to the attention of the Council any situation "which may lead to international friction."

It would then be the duty of the Council to determine whether or not international friction or a threat to peace in fact existed. If so, it would become the duty of the Council to recommend or decide upon the measures to be taken to maintain or restore peace *by ensuring compliance with the obligations* in no case to resort to war, declared or undeclared, nor to use force as an instrument of national policy; to submit any dispute likely to lead to a rupture to arbitration, judicial settlement or enquiry and report by the Council; and to carry out in full good faith any arbitral award or judicial decision.

It will be observed that the Council is left free, as at Dumbarton Oaks, to decide on what means it will use to maintain or restore international peace and security. But the Council is *not* given the right to seek peace at the expense of justice. A legal barrier is interposed to the immoralities and imbecilities of appeasement. The Council's duty is defined as maintaining or restoring peace by any means it deems wise and effectual, but on the basis of justice, that is on the basis of imposing respect for treaty obligations enjoining a code of decent international behaviour. This would give effect to the declaration in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, that it shall be the duty of the Security Council to "take any measures necessary for the maintenance of international peace and security *in accordance with the purposes and principles of the organisation.*" (Italics mine.)

Finally this article should provide that the Council could act under it only by a unanimous vote of its permanent members and a majority of its other members.

These suggested articles maintain the main features of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, but in certain respects make them more like the Covenant. They would completely separate the dispute-settling from the peace-keeping functions of the Council, they would give satisfaction to both the Anglo-American and the Soviet standpoints at Dumbarton Oaks on voting in the Council, and should prove less objectionable to the smaller States than the original proposals.

But the organisation of peace and security would still be woefully incomplete and so tainted with power-politics as to be almost unacceptable to the smaller States, unless the Great Powers were willing to "balance" their preponderant position in the Security Council, and their exemption from the obligation to apply sanctions against each other, by accepting the rule of law in their relations with all States. That means readiness to acknowledge the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court for all disputes not otherwise settled within a reasonable time (say 18 months).

It should be British policy to insist upon the acceptance of the universal compulsory jurisdiction of the Court, on the lines suggested above. If any of the Powers, the Americans and Russians, for instance, were not prepared to go that far, they should be allowed to attach reservations to that obligation. It should be the policy of progressive parties to insist on including the principle of universal judicial settlement in the constitution of the new organisation. It would be of practical importance even if a powerful minority of States were not as yet ready to accept the obligation without reservations.

K. ZILLIACUS

A LONDON DIARY

SUNDAY night's B.B.C. report, and Monday night's press accounts of the shooting affair in Athens, were straight, honest, first-hand witness accounts of a shameful affair which as the *Times*, *Herald* and other correspondents agreed, has done irretrievable injury to Britain's reputation, apart from its disastrous effect in Greece itself. Next day the termites started eating away the honest structure of reporting. I have even heard whispers that the E.A.M. demonstrators must really have been armed—a try-on that came to nothing because all the eye-witnesses agreed that there were no arms amongst them. We are now told by General Scobie that there are "ex-German soldiers" in the ranks of E.L.A.S. They are presumably (though the communique does not say so) anti-Nazi deserters, such as are fighting everywhere with the forces of Resistance. It is unfortunate that the British Minister to the Greek Government and the Adviser to General Scobie should be an official who has been intimately associated with the small group of Greek monarchists in Cairo.

* * *

Describing the khaki election which he says "cheapened England" after the last war, Mr. Churchill apologised for his own part in the dirty business and admits that he "swam with the tide." That was the Churchill who wrote *Aftermath* and did not disguise his regret for the 1918 election, which was a device of the Tory party machine, in collusion with the Rothermere and Beaverbrook press, to use the emotions of victory to grab power for Big Business. Mr. Churchill seems to have had this discreditable story in mind when he suggested a dignified ending for the Coalition, and talked about an election ninety days after the defeat of Germany. This would make it possible to get through some agreed legislation—Beveridge bills and the Location of Industry are obvious examples—and then for the Parties to produce their programmes and go to the country on the new register. Since then Tory headquarters and perhaps the same newspaper interests have got busy, and it looks as if Mr. Churchill has again decided to swim with the tide. What exactly he and Mr. Ralph Assheton mean about the election is not quite clear, but that the Government have decided not to get agreed legislation through, and that there is a risk of another snap khaki election is now obvious. The excuse that it takes five months to draft a Bill, and that therefore we are only to get the family allowance legislation before the election, will be received with hoarse laughter. It is indeed strange how conveniently the staff of the department of Parliamentary draftsmen has been depleted. We seem pretty nearly back at the old swashbuckling Winston Churchill, not the one who moved the nation in 1940, or who fought a battle against the Tory Party before the war, or who wrote *Aftermath*.

* * *

When U.N.R.R.A. was first conceived, I hailed it, as most of us did, as the biggest and most hopeful gift that international idealism had brought us in this war. It is proving a bitter disappointment. It has been pathetically slow in getting down to its job. Its resources are miserably inadequate, and its promised autonomy is a complete illusion. I hear from those who have worked with him, that ex-Governor Lehmann, the head of its executive, started with bold, constructive plans. But he has no real authority. The State Department has him tightly tethered, and there is not a step he can take without its consent and even its prompting. Why? Chiefly because American capitalists, still hoping to make the re-equipment of Europe a profitable business, do not intend U.N.R.R.A. to be more than another Hoover charity. The constructive, mutual aid conception of rehabilitation is not allowed to appear. Canned fish may be sent to feed the hungry. But capitalism vetoes the bold idea with which U.N.R.R.A. started that it would supply well-built motor fishing-boats as well as fish. Let us hope that Mr. Stettinius will change all this. Mr. Stettinius might start by getting together with Governor Lehmann on the case of Yugoslavia which needs relief almost as urgently as Greece. There is no obvious reason why U.N.R.R.A. should not operate there at once, since Yugoslavia is self-liberated and needs no period of Allied military control. Yet the first relief scheme, arranged without consultation with the Yugoslavia Government, would have involved sending a military mission into Yugoslavia to administer the relief. Tito very naturally refused it Since then negotiations have dragged on; the Yugoslavs argue that the goods sent into their country by U.N.R.R.A. must become their property to be distributed as they think fit in accordance with U.N.R.R.A. statutes and resolutions, for which they promise to give the necessary guarantees. This would seem on the face of it a moderate and reasonable view for a government to take.

* * *

The Yugoslav Government is also applying for the release of one of their own ships, chartered for war purposes, so that it may make a single voyage to collect relief goods that have been given by Yugoslavian émigrés in Canada, United States and this country, and take them to Yugoslavia. I hear that so far they have been unable to find who are the appropriate authorities to grant them this simple request. They have had to send formal Notes to the United States and British Governments. Meanwhile tens of thousands of shoes, greatcoats and other clothing, desperately needed in Yugoslavia, are waiting for shipment from Canada.

* * *

Bits of news filter through from inside Germany. It seems certain that after a recent raid on Mannheim the workers went on strike there, that S.S. formations which were at once sent to the city broke the strike and carried out mass executions. In Düsseldorf, also after an air raid, the whole population went into the streets, stormed the Party Headquarters and the local barracks, and virtually controlled the city for several hours. Again S.S. troops were hurried to the city and had orders to shoot anybody who showed himself in the streets. *Arbeiter-Zeitung Schaffhausen*, a Swiss paper which is usually very well-informed about such events, reports "terrific butchery" of the civilian population. The S.S. now controls the city and "order" is restored. These are not the only towns where there is "discontent" with the Nazi Government. At the end of November, for instance, two treason-trials were announced in the Nazi Press. In Hamburg an industrialist, Dr. Albert Will, was executed for defeatist remarks at a board-meeting in 1943, and because he opposed the social and economic ideas of Nazism. Furthermore, it is stated that he made "slanderous" remarks about the attitude of his workers, meaning that he stated that the workers in his factories were of the same opinion as himself!

* * *

I learn that a free German Committee in the West has recently been operating with the French Forces of the Interior. They have participated in several actions of the Maquis and in the liberation of Paris. Twenty-three front delegates of the Committee are working now with the First French Army in Alsace-Lorraine, and detachments of the Committee operate with the French forces, which are containing the beleaguered German troops at the Atlantic ports of France. The estimate given was that there are two thousand organised members, but they are working amongst the German prisoners who have been taken by the French and find an increasing response, particularly amongst the intellectuals, the workers, and the Catholics in the camps. They also continue to broadcast regularly over Radio Toulouse.

* * *

A manifesto has been published calling for international Labour unity. It is signed by many well-known British Socialists, M.P.s and others, and includes representatives especially of foreign labour and Socialist parties. I note Felix Gouin, President of the French Consultative Assembly, and, most interesting, Pietro Nenni, General Secretary of the Italian Socialist Party. Nenni recently wrote an excellent article for *Reynolds* and the particular significance of his signature is that the Italian Socialist party which he represents works with the Communists and other Resistance bodies in a genuine united front. Nenni knows that a new International must be broad-based and include all resistance groups.

* * *

I am assured that this really occured the other day in Belfast. An Irish priest was surprised to find himself magnificently saluted in the street by a Negro soldier. He stopped the soldier and said: "You must surely be a good child of the Church of Rome." "Holy snakes, no," said the Negro, "it's bad enough being a Negro in Ulster."

CRITIC

HELLAS REBORN

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
With Crete and the Dodecanese,
Still bleeding under Hitler's peace
Which law and order guarantees,
Await the liberation day,
But Allied forces still delay.

The Greeks have fought their Marathon,
We praise the patriot Hellenes,
But now their fighting days are done,
The British Army intervenes,
And troops on duty as police
Maintain the Foreign Office peace.

Where liberating armies drive
They quell internal discontent,
And here a dynasty revive,
And there a puppet Government,
But Athens opened wide her doors
To comrades, not to conquerors.

Is Greece now a mandated land?
Is Athens but another Rome?
A little Ally out of hand?
Has Greece not worked her passage home?
Shall Greek Resistance be put down
To prop the quislings of the Crown?

The Greeks know well for what they fight,
No foreign force can keep the peace.
And for what end and by what right
Shall Britain now dictate to Greece?
We keep the law, but who are we
To teach Hellenes democracy?

SAGITTARIUS

SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE U.S. ELECTIONS

THERE are two points about the American elections which have been little stressed by the Press. The first is that all across the Continent the people showed that they are in a thoughtful, responsible mood. The second is that the machinery of the American party system was used with rare adroitness by such groups as the Political Action Committee of the C.I.O., the League of Women Voters, and various Church organisations. It is the Congressional and local elections, even more than the Presidential, which prove these points. In every major section of the United States, irrespective of party, candidates who took a serious and co-operative attitude towards foreign affairs tended to be elected. The people were in no mood for stunts or cheap talk. They wanted constructive thinking, based on a sense of national duty. And they didn't care whether the thinking came from a Democrat or a Republican.

In Massachusetts, for example, Leverett Saltonstall, a Republican, was elected Senator, and Maurice J. Tobin, a Democrat, was elected

Governor." The two men have nothing in common except integrity, competence and a good record on domestic and foreign affairs. Saltonstall is a Boston Brahmin who was Governor of the State, Tobin an Irish Catholic who was Mayor of Boston. The tendency in normal times is for most people to "vote the straight ticket"; that is, to back all the Republican candidates, or all the Democratic. When the people select the best men from both parties, it is safe to assume that they are in earnest about politics.

In Ohio, the Isolationist Senator Taft, a Republican, was re-elected by a narrow margin. His seat was thought to be one of the safest in the country, so his near defeat was startling. At the same time, the people elected the enlightened Democratic Mayor of Cleveland, Frank Lausche, as Governor. Lausche is a first-generation American, of Slovenian Catholic parentage. It is a political portent for such a man to become Governor of a semi-rural and mostly Protestant State such as Ohio. He succeeds Governor Bricker, Mr. Dewey's running-mate, who is the typical Ohio product. Few "practical" politicians thought Lausche could win; but the people of Ohio in 1944 prefer a man known for sincerity and forcefulness to a man known chiefly for political "regularity."

In Illinois the picture is even more interesting. The Democratic Senator, Scott Lucas, was re-elected over an isolationist Republican who was backed by all the frantic zeal of the *Chicago Tribune*. And four of the *Tribune's* favourite candidates were defeated for the House of Representatives. Among these was Representative Stephen A. Day, Congressman at large—which means one who is elected by the voters of the entire State, not merely of one district. Representative Day, the incumbent, had a straight Isolationist record. His Democrat opponent was Mrs. Paul Douglas, wife of a Professor at the University of Chicago, who is now serving with the Marines. Mrs. Douglas's campaign was based chiefly on America's duty in the world of to-day. The political cynics thought she had no chance; the people of Illinois thought differently.

This does not mean that all is rosy for the future. There were plenty of bad decisions made on Election Day, and doubtless there is plenty of trouble brewing. The unseemly Mayor Hague of Jersey City, for example, was able to mobilise enough strength to defeat a State Charter in New Jersey which would have brought much-needed reform. And there is no reason to suppose that the new Congress will be less opposed to a stiff wartime tax system than was the old. But no matter what difficulties the President and his new Administration encounter, we can feel confident that there will be no repetition of the dreary and deadly mistakes of 1920.

On the question of foreign trade, for instance, the U.S. public accepts the doctrine that in a healthy system exports must in the long run be purchased by imports. Yet it is doubtful whether they understand or accept the implications of that idea. On the other hand, there is no impulse among the people (as distinguished from a few megalomaniac business men) to become the ogres of world trade. The most ardent desire in their hearts, as in the hearts of Englishmen, is for full employment at home—not full employment on the basis of a precarious and brief system for exporting unemployment, but on the basis of a distribution of income among Americans which will allow the people to buy the products of their own labour. To whatever extent this desire is fulfilled—and it is a conscious, articulate, pressing desire—to that extent the outside world will have nothing to fear from America's trade ambitions. Her trade can do nothing but good so long as there is no pressure to export more than she imports. American labour seems to understand this fact, to judge by some of the campaign literature of the P.A.C.

The second lesson of the election is that the American people are becoming adult in handling their party system. The essence of that system is that the two major parties do not represent two political or economic philosophies or two opposed plans for the future of America. Such a division on ideas or principles would make for disunity in a country the size of America, which is divided into six or eight major regions, and where the economic interests and inherited prejudices of the regions often clash. The two national parties are, in effect, two vast political machines, each capable of carrying on the federal government and of adjusting the differences between the regions on the basis of diplomacy and compromise. Each party, therefore, will contain within itself a cross section of the nation's opinions. The Republican party will be Liberal in Iowa, Tory in Pennsylvania; the Democratic party will be Tory in Mississippi, Liberal in New York City.

When one party is ousted and another takes its place, nothing startling happens. A slightly different balance between the major interests of the sections, a new set of faces in Washington, perhaps a slightly heavier emphasis on the demands of labour, or of business, or of the farmers—that is all that a change of Administration normally means. During an election an attempt is always made to find "issues," to suggest that the parties are so different and stand so far apart that the triumph of one party means paradise, of the other doom. The pity is that this pretence fools some of the people some of the time. It fools fewer of them, however, in a deadly serious time such as the present when the people are stirred to think for themselves.

This year the people understood that the real question was which group of men and which party machine could best do the job, which all agreed the people wanted done: co-operation and collective security abroad, full employment at home. Mr. Dewey asked for votes on the ground that he and his friends were young and efficient, whereas Mr. Roosevelt and his Administration were old, tired and quarrelsome. Mr. Roosevelt asked for votes on the ground that he and his friends could be trusted to carry out the promises that both parties had made, in domestic and foreign affairs, whereas the Republicans could not.

It was deeply important, this year, that as few people as possible should be misled by nonsense about fundamental differences between the two parties. The differences were between men (who might or might not be trusted, who might or might not believe their parties' promises), not between the parties; for the parties promised approximately the same things. And here is the importance of citizens' groups (adult education groups in politics), such as the Political Action Committee of the C.I.O. voluntary organisations among the churches and the League of Women Voters.

All three of these groups worked hard to remind the people of the importance of their choice, to examine the meanings of the promises which were being made, and to help the voters make up their minds which candidates could be trusted and which could not. The result of this work was the careful combing out of Congressional candidates who were thought to be opposed to progress at home and abroad—from the defeat of Hamilton Fish in New York State by Augustus Bennet (a Republican who was backed by the Democrats) to the defeat of William D. Campbell in California by Helen Gahagan Douglas.

An attempt was made by the press to describe the P.A.C. as a dangerous innovation. It was no more new and no more dangerous than any other group of citizens with a common interest who work together to educate themselves on the issues and then to make their weight felt. The League of Women Voters does the same thing. The National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People does the same thing. It is the traditional method for making the American political system as effective as possible. It is probable that labour can do more for itself and for the country by the use of this method than by the formation of a labour party, which would necessarily be a sectional party and which would be most unlikely to come to power in Washington.

The more the elections are examined, the more grounds are discovered for quiet hope about the future. This time at least the cynics were o in all their predictions. They said the electio would divide and embitter the country; they sa the people wouldn't take the trouble to regist or to vote; they said the same about the soldie overseas; they said the President would lose Co gress; they said the British would be abuse throughout the campaign.

They were wrong on every count. Perhap they are also wrong when they tell us that o nations cannot work together in the future.

TRIESTE OR TRST ?

(This article puts a Yugoslav case, of which t world will soon hear more. The views expressed a not necessarily those of this journal.)

Trieste will be one of the great questions of t peace settlement; its fate will depend not on the issue of nationality, but on the characte of the new system in Central Europe. Created i the interests of a German *Mitteleuropa*, and trans formed after 1919 into an instrument of sacr *egoismo*, it can now become the symbol of Angl Soviet partnership—or of Anglo-Soviet an tagonism.

Trieste is the creation of the age of rail an steam. Until the nineteenth century an un important port with an Italian-speaking popula tion (like all the ports of Dalmatia), it was calle into greatness by Baron Bruck, a Rhinelande who became an Austrian by adoption and th first great advocate of the economic unity (unde German direction) of Central and Eastern Europe The tariff unity of the Austrian Empire, create by Bruck, and the Austrian railways, enable Trieste to supersede the Danube as the outl of all Central Europe. Trieste was an "imperial non-national creation, Austrian, not Italian, character. Its population was recruited from th neighbouring countryside, which was over whelmingly Slovene. But the maritime languag of the Austrian Empire (even of the Austrian navy) was Italian; therefore Italian became th predominant language of Trieste—a matter o convenience, not of national loyalty. Th majority of Trieste's "Italians" in the late nineteenth century were Slovenes by origin who having prospered, automatically adopted th nationality of trade and culture.

This process has its limits. If a town con tinues to expand and to draw its population from the countryside, there comes a time when the rural nationality is no longer absorbed; it asserts itself, and a reverse trend begins—th "converts" who have been lost to their people begin to "convert" themselves back again. This reverse process went on all over Europe during the nineteenth century, principally a process of Slav assertion at the expense of the Germans and Italians, but further east an assertion of the more backward Slav peoples (Ukrainians and White Russians) at the expense of the Poles. Thus Prague increased in a century from 75,000 to 600,000; but the German declined from 66 per cent. to 6 per cent. of the population. Slovene assertion was slower and later than that of the Czechs, but it too was accelerating in the last generation of the Austrian Empire. Between 1880 and 1910 the avowed Slovenes in Trieste increased from 22 per cent to 33 per cent.; and an Austrian enquiry of 191 showed that a further 12 per cent. were Slovene or Croat by birth, returning themselves as Italian for reasons of convenience or snobbery. Italian still had a monopoly of the commercial life of Trieste; and the Italians had almost a monopoly both of schools and newspapers—the two most potent weapons of national struggle. Yet, despite this, their majority was precarious, maintained only by divorcing Trieste from its hinterland. If the maritime provinces of Austria which were annexed by Italy in 1919 are taken together, the South Slavs (Slovenes and Croats) made up

two-thirds of the population; and this South Slav population was increasing its lead, both by natural increase and by immigration from the solid South Slav lands further east. Austrian rule did not hold the balance perfectly even between South Slavs and Italians. Still, it allowed the South Slavs a national existence; and, if conditions had remained the same, Trieste would have had, by now, a South Slav majority.

Trieste was not a traditional object of Italian ambition. Mazzini and La Marmora, the idealist and the practical man, both declared it beyond the frontier of the Italian national state. But in the later nineteenth century it became *faute de mieux* a focus for irredentism; and in 1915 the Allies, more concerned to win over Italy and to weaken the Habsburg monarchy than to respect national claims, allotted Trieste and Istria to Italy by the Treaty of London. It did not then occur to them that the Habsburg monarchy would collapse or that there would emerge a State uniting all the South Slavs. Yugoslavia came late into existence and had no one at Paris to represent its claims with the skill with which Benes justified the claims of Czechoslovakia. The inflated Italian demands caused, indeed, the principal conflict at the Paris conference. They were reduced; yet the peace settlement included in Italy over half a million South Slavs and Trieste, the natural outlet of Central Europe. This settlement was a national injustice; the more so when the Italians jettisoned the fine promises of fair treatment which they had made in 1919 and subjected the South Slavs to a regime of national oppression unparalleled until the worst days of Hitlerism. Slovene schools, Slovene newspapers, disappeared; even the priests were forbidden to use Slovene. And the German peasants of South Tyrol, whose sufferings caught the ready ear of English tourists, consoled themselves with the thought that things were far worse for the Slovenes in Istria and Trieste. Despite this, twenty years of Italian rule has not managed to increase the proportion of Italians in Trieste; and at the present time the Slovenes of Istria outdo all other Yugoslav partisans in courage and devotion.

The Italian annexation was not merely a national injustice; it also involved for Trieste economic decline. In fact, the most enthusiastic advocates of annexation were the merchants of Genoa and Venice, who hoped by ruining Trieste to capture the trade of Germany and Central Europe for themselves (just as, once annexed, the merchants of Trieste financed the campaign for Fiume in order to ruin it in its turn). Trieste has for Italy no economic meaning; whatever its national composition, it belongs geographically to Central Europe. The possession of Trieste therefore imposed upon Italy an imperialistic policy in Central Europe. Italian policy was, from the first, hostile to Yugoslavia, and must always be so long as Trieste is in Italian hands: for whoever controls Trieste must seek to control its hinterland. Hungary and Austria both sought an outlet at Trieste, and were both therefore dependent on Italian favour. To win it, both had to share the Italian hostility to Yugoslavia and thus to oppose all schemes of Central European co-operation. Trieste was, in fact, the keystone of the "Rome protocols," the revisionist Fascist bloc of Austria, Hungary, and Italy; and this bloc is bound to be revived if Trieste remains in Italian hands.

To place Istria and Trieste in Yugoslav hands would be to redress the worst national wrong of the peace settlement of 1919. Still more, it would take from Trieste its imperialist character. It would not impose upon Yugoslavia an artificial Central European character; for Yugoslavia belongs to Central Europe already. It would give to Yugoslavia its natural outlet and would provide, ready made, some of the capital equipment of which all agree that Yugoslavia, but not Italy (so far as port equipment goes) stands in need. It would place Czechoslovakia's Adriatic outlet in friendly Slav hands and so divert Czechoslovak trade from Hamburg to everyone's advantage. Above all, Austria and Hungary would be compelled by their dependence on Trieste to co-operate with their two Slav neighbours, instead of being hostile to them. In other words, Trieste would become the cornerstone of Central European economic unity, as it was originally intended to be: a unity based no longer on German supremacy, but on equal democratic communities. Trieste would be a free port, but there would be no sense in repeating the experiment of Danzig and making it a Free City: this would merely invite a new outbreak of Italian aggression. Trieste must be either Italian or Yugoslav; there is no third alternative. The proposal aired in some quarters to give Trieste to Austria ignores all reality: for it would put under German (Austrian) rule a grotesque corridor inhabited purely by Slovenes, our devoted allies. In any other country than England, it would be worth remarking that Italy was, until the moment of total defeat, our enemy and that no country has surpassed the contribution of the Yugoslavs to the allied cause. In England this counts rather against the Yugoslavs; and English sympathy, always pro-Italian, will instead follow the line that, as Italy is always defeated in war and always makes gains at the peace, she should, having been defeated more completely than ever before, now receive greater gains.

The decisive factor in the question of Trieste is, to speak seriously, the character of the Anglo-Soviet Alliance. If it is thought that England and Russia can remain allies only by being strictly isolated one from the other, then Europe must be partitioned: Central and Eastern Europe to Russia, the Mediterranean to England. Russian influence must be excluded from the Mediterranean and Italy bound to the British side by leaving Trieste in Italian hands. Even this would not achieve its object, for England would then be committed to seconding, in conflict with Russia, the renewal of Italian designs in Central Europe. But if it is admitted that England and Russia can be drawn closer by day-to-day practice of co-operation, then Trieste can become one of the concentration points of their partnership. Here the Slav world and the world of Western democracy can overlap and combine. In short, we can be more confident of the future of the Anglo-Soviet alliance when we have learnt to think of Trieste as Trst.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

TIMIDITIES

WHEN I read the account of a hypnotic experiment at Queen's University, Belfast, the other day, I recalled how sinister a thing hypnotism seemed to me, as to many other people—especially the readers of popular fiction—when I was a small boy. The common notion of a hypnotist in those days was of a man of strange and evil powers who, by looking into your eyes and waving his hands in a special way, could put you into a trance and give you orders to do something quite against your will—orders which it was impossible to disobey. He could bid you break into a rich man's house in the small hours and steal his silver, and you would do this in all innocence. He might command you to break any or all of the ten commandments, and you were bound to do his will. He might tell you to visit him at his home—his lair—twenty-four hours later where, having decoyed you, he could perform further experiments on your helplessness, and nothing could prevent you from turning up at the appointed time.

The hypnotist of the popular imagination was always, at that time, a man of wicked purposes. Never did we small boys think of him as a beneficient healer, a magician against pain. He may not have dressed like Mephistopheles but we imagined him as a man of Mephistophelian countenance who dressed and stared something like Sherlock Holmes. If I had met such a man in the street I should have lowered my eyes and hurried past, trembling at the knees, till I was sure I was beyond the reach of his mesmeric powers. Fortunately, I never did meet such a figure; and my fear of hypnotism remained a fear of the idea of hypnotism, not of some immediate menace that stalked the pavements of the town in which I lived. I was afraid of hypnotism when I listened to talk about hypnotists and their Satanic deeds, but the fear soon passed: I do not think it ever kept me awake at night.

Kidnappers were more real because the stories about them were local. Town and country were full of the myth of their misdeeds. I could still point you out a house opposite which (I believed) a brave young woman had once foiled a kidnapper by her presence of mind. He had come up behind her and clamped a silencing pad over her mouth, and she would inevitably have been murdered in the interests of science, if, quick as lightning, she had not snatched off her shoe and flung it through a window, bringing into the street rescuers who put the assailant scientist to flight. Every day on my way to school I passed the house of a doctor who was said to pay substantial sums for the bodies of murdered street urchins, victims of his passion for dissection. Looking back I am inclined to think there was little truth in the story, and I doubt whether I ever quite believed it. Still, the fact that it was told gave the doctor's house an aura of awe in the imagination of a timid child. But kidnapping seemed, on the whole, to belong to the past, like the piracy of which one read in the *Boys' Own Paper*. Often as I shuddered at the stories of the local Burkes and Hares, I do not remember ever being afraid that someone might kidnap *me*.

Ghosts, too, were terrifying mainly in the reports of story-tellers; in the matter of ghosts we were brought up semi-rationalists. In a modern brick-built city, indeed, ghosts have scarcely the environment for coming to birth. A ghost needs either the country silence after dark and the country sounds that penetrate the silence, or some antiquity of architecture. All the ghosts of Hampstead are in the old part. Hence, a child brought up in a parvenu city can treat a ghost story as an appointment with fear, intended only for his entertainment. It is true that I half believed in the banshee, for I had seen the banshee's tower in Dunluce Castle, but the banshee is a family inheritance and our family did not happen to possess one. Once, in a seaside village, I slept for a month in a room overlooking an old graveyard, which was said to be haunted, and on a moonlight night I was not entirely sceptical about the return of spirits. But I was never afraid of ghosts in the way in which I was afraid of burglars.

I ought not to have believed in the existence of burglars, perhaps, for I had never seen one; but I should never have been wholly surprised to find one at night under my bed or in my wardrobe. If I had been more rational I should have said to myself: "There is nothing in my bedroom that a burglar would think worth stealing: my brush and comb and my Sunday suit are the most valuable things in the room and they would scarcely be worth the trouble and discomfort of lying for hours under a bed to steal." I should also have told myself that any intelligent burglar would be more likely to steal when the room was empty than to get under the bed and wait there for the arrival of a witness of his crime. A timid child at night, however, is not a reasonable being. For him the darkness is thronged with strange possibilities. Nearly everything he has ever seen in the darkness—the moon, the stars and lighted windows—has been not only beautiful but friendly; but he suspects the presence of other things not so friendly living in the dark and lying in wait for him.

Even to walk the stairs alone at night is for him a climb among perils. He cannot pass the open door of an unlit room without pricking his ears for the movement of an enemy within. He would feel as safe in Zululand after nightfall. For myself, the burglars of those days were usually men of a blackish countenance. They often came and stood on my bedroom window sill watching me through a chink at the edge of the blind. I had read of a burglar who was charmed into good behaviour

by a little girl in one of Frances Hodgson Burnett's stories; but all the burglars that stretched themselves under my bed and perched outside my window were evil characters on whom nothing but a Yale could produce the slightest effect. Sometimes, after the light was out, I would hear a faint noise and listen in case it might be a burglar breathing about a foot below me. If the noise came from the yard I would put my head out of the window and, imitating a man's base voice as best I could—which was not very well—would threaten to call the police if the unseen stranger did not begone.

The timid child certainly enjoys an exciting life. Even by day there were mad dogs, herring bones, lockjaw and Catholic risings to frighten me. In fact, there was scarcely an hour of the day in which I could be sure of not being compelled to look into the bright eyes of danger. Mad dogs were only summer terrors, but when the scare was at its height, I saw mad dogs everywhere, the slightest touch of white near the mouth, was, in my eyes, the froth of hydrophobia; and I had none of Emily Brontë's pity for an animal so affected. As for the bones of herrings, the fear of being choked by one at the breakfast table made me dislike the fish for years. The dangers of lockjaw, I think, must have been impressed on me in the nursery, where it was held to be almost fatal to cut oneself between the thumb and the first finger. The only known preventive of lockjaw in such circumstances was a cobweb spread over the wound, but, as I never cut myself between the thumb and the first finger I had no opportunity of testing this.

Oddly enough I was much less afraid of much more immediate perils—of typhoid fever, for example, which was then prevalent as a result of an infected water supply. Great-aunts warned me that I would get consumption if I did not sit up straight, and great-uncles told me that I would get rheumatism if I sat or knelt on wet grass; but I scorned their fears. It is of the sensational that one is most afraid in childhood—things, for example, like being struck by lightning or stung by a wasp.

Still, alarming as is the brattle of thunder or the ping of a wasp, such noises do not send a chill up the spine like even small noises heard at night. I think the widespread fear of mice must be largely due to the fact that they make mysterious nocturnal noises. I can say to my credit that I am no longer afraid of mice; but, when I wake up during the night and hear a mouse scratching in the wall I still find the sound a little on the eerie side. Even a cow can give a boy a scare at night when he is walking alone along a lonely road and hears it moving or coughing behind a hedge. In its cloak of invisibility it becomes a potential power of evil—an enemy in ambush. How alarming it is, too, to be walking home alone late at night along a country road and to hear running footsteps behind one drawing nearer and nearer till the very pantings of the runner become audible. It is difficult to imagine that it is a good man who is running behind one in the dark. Fortunately the man who overtook me on one such occasion was at least harmless. I could not see him in the dark, and, when he caught up with me and fell into step he was for a time panting too vigorously to be able to talk. When he had recovered his breath, however, he told me that he was a pig-killer living at the Irish Houses. He explained exactly how he killed a pig, and every now and then he would give me a push in the chest with his thumb to demonstrate one of his best strokes with the knife. I walked on beside him, feeling uneasy lest he should be carrying his knife and demonstrate the stroke on my body more realistically. Seldom have I been gladder to part from an absorbingly interesting conversationalist . .

Well, I am happy to say that since I have grown older I have got rid of at least three of the fears I have enumerated—fear of hypnotists, fear of herring bones, and fear of burglars under the bed. Under my present bed there is not room for a burglar.

Y. Y.

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to H. W. Burrows.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

During the past weeks he had been listening to school broadcasts on the radio and was disgusted at what he had heard. One afternoon they played a lot of music by Beethoven. "We want education, not that sort of thing."—From report of meeting of Ongar Rural District Council in *West Essex Gazette*.

I only knew one Japanese to give himself up. He came in and said he wanted to be an honorary member of the Honourable British Empire. We sent him off to a doctor as we suspected he was raving mad.—Speech by British Staff Officer, reported in *Evening Standard*.

Friendly, kindly, and simple, he was essentially a reasonable man. He was a natural bachelor.—*Evening News*.

THE MOVIES

"Western Approaches," at Warner's and the Regal
"V1," at the Empire
"The Second Battle of London," at the Odeon
"Summer Storm," at the London Pavilion

Here is one more achievement to add to our list of notable English documentaries. *Western Approaches* deals—and deals nobly, as the theme deserves—with the Merchant Navy. In undertaking this film the Crown Film Unit had set itself a considerable task; that of improving on *San Demetrio*. For there could be no question that *San Demetrio* "covered the ground," and pretty successfully, thanks to an approach less impersonal than would at one time have been conceivable in documentary circles. It gloried in the facts, and it told a story. If, by severe standards, this was fiction, then it was a fiction with the realism uppermost; an adventure was reconstituted, as nearly as could be imagined to the real event. If one looked at the film more closely there were cracks: studio sets and the real thing didn't attain a complete homogeneity, the actors taking part occasionally reminded us by a gesture that they were actors under restraint. Accept the human touch, then, accept the necessary dramatisation, but tighten realism to a yet higher pitch—this was the lesson to be learnt, and the Crown Film Unit, by accepting it, have immensely enlarged their method. Much of the drama in *Western Approaches* is provided by a small boatful of men adrift in the Atlantic, and the situation is made even more actual and more dramatic than similar scenes in *San Demetrio*. The men, talking and singing, growing more silent, resting more, grimacing, passing the canisters of water, seeing an aircraft in the clouds, listening to the throb of a lurking submarine, stir and oppress us by their unexaggerated closeness. They are as real as the waves and the sky. Possibly actors in a studio could have achieved the same effect, but I very much doubt it. The Crown Film Unit spent many months at sea taking these shots, and the results justify the method. They have brought back a magnificent photographic haul, which glitters in the memory: the convoy, rough seas, sunset and moonlight, men in open boats, on decks and in cabins. Events move to a climax as the lifeboat, an old French merchantman and a Nazi submarine come to an inevitable meeting point, like the iceberg and the liner in Hardy's poem. The enemy, for once, aren't caricatured—a minor tribute to the film's truthfulness. My only criticism of *Western Approaches* is that the technicolor is uneven in some sequences, so that a picture-postcard blue may suddenly intrude among more subtly graduated shots, and one effect of realism in the sound-track is that we can't always hear what is being said. But these are unimportant flaws in a film that is at the top of its class. The producer is Ian Dalrymple, and script and direction are by Pat Jackson.

To return to pure documentary, *V1* displays again the well-established technique of the Crown Film Unit, kicks off with the sound track of a doodlebug as the titles go up, and relaxes a little from its usual restraint in the commentary. *The Second Battle of London* gives the story from the A.A. gunner's point of view. Both films should go down well in America, which has been promised *V3* for Christmas.

The surprise of seeing Tchehov's name in large letters outside the London Pavilion is followed by the even more delightful discovery inside that *Summer Storm* (an adaptation from *The Shooting Party*) is not altogether unworthy of that name. A trace more satire has been added to the manners of old Russia, but to my mind there is no great harm in that. Mr. Edward Everett Horton, who has so often won us by his harassing adventures in the present, buffets charmingly as a landowner who wants to marry his bailiff's wife. It is a hot summer, with electrics in the air. His friend and rival, the local magistrate, is Mr. George Saunders (too stricken). The lady—or would-be lady—is Miss Linda Darnell (doesn't fit at all). She is stabbed at the shooting party just as everyone sits down to champagne. As one of her lovers says afterwards, "Sometimes it's not the murderer but the one that gets murdered who is guilty." *Summer Storm* has an excellent story and the director, Douglas Sirk, despite some uneasy casting, has retained those qualities of irony and pity of which Tchehov is a master.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

WESTERN UNION

SIR,—Like Miss Josephy I am convinced that the next essential step in social organisation lies in the direction of representative supra-national government. Wireless telegraphy, the aeroplane, world economic depressions and rocket-bombs have created both the need and the opportunity for such a development. But all the major problems which humanity now has to solve—prevention of military aggression, elimination of trade slumps, control of distribution and use of vital raw materials, balanced expansion of industrial and agricultural production, control of transport including civil airways, and so on—are world-wide in scope. Certainly there are subordinate economic projects of the TVA type which need to be worked out in limited regional areas, but a score of TVAs will not create a law-abiding and prosperous world, which is the only thing that really matters if civilisation is to survive.

Yet just when all the thoughts and activities of progressives should be concentrated on this supreme objective, we are offered half a dozen partial schemes which, while they may all have their merits within the framework of world government, are well-nigh valueless—and even dangerous—when presented as *substitutes* for the wider system. He must indeed be a utopian idealist who would throw all his eggs into the basket of a permanent "Big Three" Alliance, or functional federalism, or international employer-worker syndicates, or a European Federation, or even a Western Union.

Mr. Aylmer Vallance sees in the Western Union proposal an opportunity to develop an economic power bloc directed against the U.S.A., and, to a lesser extent, a military power bloc directed—against whom? If we are so cynical that we are prepared to assume that the world must still continue to be rent by sectional economical and military conflicts, while the peoples stand by voiceless and helpless, then perhaps that is the only course to take.

Miss Josephy, too, would apparently have us be more cynical. Cynicism is hardly a quality with which to build a new world. But perhaps she means to write "sceptical"? If so, I agree. I for one am sceptical about her claim that the "European Resistance Movements" desire a European Federation. There is no such thing as a united voice of the Resistance Movements. They vary considerably in composition and outlook, though their general tendency is undoubtedly Leftish. The French Socialist Party, to quote one example, has gone on record for a "United

States of the World." Why has Federal Union abandoned this aim? Why, instead of expanding Clarence Streit's original and limited conception of a union of the "Democracies" into a world-wide union, has it restricted itself to the lesser aim of a European Federation?

The difficulty about a European Federation is that no one knows where Europe begins and ends. Europe, *excluding* the British Commonwealth and the U.S.S.R., would inevitably come under the domination of the centrally-placed German population-bloc. Europe, *including* those countries, ceases to be Europe, and becomes three-quarters of the world, extending over most of Africa, Asia and Australasia, as well as part of North America. Why, then, exclude the remaining quarter—the U.S.A. and Latin America? But they will exclude themselves, some will answer. If they do, then we may have to work without them. But are we so certain of failure—and a dangerous failure it would be—that we will not even put out the effort necessary to induce them to come in? This is where Dumbarton Oaks offers the opportunity we seek. Not in its present form, to be sure, but in the form that it can gradually assume if the progressive forces in each country will work to instruct their peoples in the benefits and tasks of supra-national government, so that the delegates from those countries can go to the new world organisation with a popular mandate favouring the progressive extension of its powers. If, by appropriate organisation, we can educate and mobilise public opinion in a sufficient number of leading countries, we can eventually transform the crude framework of Dumbarton Oaks into the structure of a genuine United States of the World.

15 Ranelagh Gardens, Barnes, S.W.13. WILLIAM WARBEY

COMMON WEALTH

SIR,—I cannot reply to Mr. Davenport without summarising, however briefly, the analysis which Common Wealth makes of the present world situation.

We believe that a revolutionary struggle is developing in Europe between the People (represented by the Resistance Movements) and the Old Order (represented in most cases by the nominees of the Foreign Office and the State Department). We anticipate a struggle of a somewhat similar pattern in India, Burma, Malaya and China whenever Japan is defeated. In a world which contains this struggle we do not expect "normality" in our own country. At some time in the next few years we anticipate a British situation which cannot be handled by social-reform-cum-public-control-of-private-ownership; it will require, we believe, a complete social and economic reconstruction of our country based upon a rejection not only of the practices, but also of the principles, of Monopoly Capitalism.

The whole future of humanity depends upon whether the People or the Old Order comes out on top in this world-wide struggle. In our own country, the first step—the preliminary to all the other mighty problems that lie beyond—is the resounding defeat of British Toryism at the next election. This is a matter not of political expediency but of high principle. For if British Toryism rules the country again the whole weight of Britain will continue to be thrown on the wrong side throughout the crucial years which will determine (inter alia) the question of "World War Number Three, or Not."

In these circumstances, Common Wealth is quite unashamed of having discussed with representatives of the Labour Party the possibilities of *some form* of organisational co-operation. Mr. Davenport, in common with many other publicists, has misinterpreted these current discussions as being an application or "demand" for affiliation. We hope our eyes are not quite closed, but we do not share Mr. Davenport's unqualified condemnation of the Labour Party. Our discussions are proceeding, and at the moment of writing I believe it is true to say that no definite decision has been made by either organisation.

In any case, if these discussions have involved any difficulties or disadvantages for Common Wealth, we count these as being well worthy of acceptance in view of the issues which now confront humanity. Whatever the outcome of the discussions, Common Wealth, either alone or in association with other organisations, will not die merely *because* we have discussed matters with the Labour Party. Our fate will depend upon whether our analysis of the world situation is correct; and (if it is correct) upon whether our side, or the other side, is going to dominate the next ten or twenty years of world history.

No one, I think, would expect me to make any reply to the personal charges which Mr. Davenport scatters round so widely—beyond, perhaps, to say that it is strange, and yet not so strange, to hear all these charges coming from him. For Mr. Davenport himself wrote a book around which he hoped that an organisation called "Common Wealth" would spring into political significance (see "Vested Interests or Common Pool," page 16). The book ran into four impressions but no organisation ever came into existence. Perhaps he has his own personal reasons for wishfully thinking the early demise of the organisation which was in fact established by others; but the Common Wealth grapes are not necessarily sour merely because they do not grow on Mr. Davenport's vine.

P.S.—Mr. Davenport is quite wrong in saying that our funds are exhausted, or that our Chairman ever said they were; he would be quite right in saying that our financial *needs* are almost inexhaustible.

House of Commons. RICHARD ACLAND

WHY SO MANY?

SIR,—The title of Professor Joad's article on population clearly defines his point of view. Although he is well aware of the facts, he seems to question the reality of the problem and the reason for all the fuss.

Broadly speaking, he argues in favour of a small population on two grounds:—

(1) He refers us to the facts of differential fertility and suggests that we should put far more emphasis on quality (as the Swedes did), rather than quantity.

(2) He reminds us of our inability to feed, house and educate our present population sufficiently. There are clearly too many of us—just look at the trains, the cinemas and the streets!

This is similar to the old and attractive argument that we should let our population decline so that we can get rid of unemployment.

Now, all these points are clear enough in themselves, but they altogether miss the issue. Nobody is denying that a small population might be better than a large one; or claiming that a large population has any inherent virtues.

The economic argument which Professor Joad is trying to escape does not refer to a *small* population, but to a *declining* one. He is being unrealistic in comparing two static conceptions—a small and a large population. This problem is a dynamic one.

Unfortunately, there is little question about the evil effects of a *declining* population. It results in a declining economy which, in turn, means more (not less) unemployment. It means less opportunity for youth; it involves an ever-declining proportion of productive labour.

As Dr. Joad says, the factors which led to our present position are still there and have created an age-composition inherent in which lies the impetus to a further ageing and, ultimately, continuous declining of the population.

That is why there is reason for alarm. That is why a *laissez-faire* policy, like that which Dr. Joad's article intentionally, or unintentionally, advocates, will result, not in the attractively small, stable population which he fancies, but a decline which can only be stopped if we take action *now*.

Nobody, with any knowledge, can advocate a rise in the Net Reproduction Rate sufficient to promise a population increase. The most we can hope for is a stabilisation of the population at, perhaps, three-quarters its present level in so many years.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Even this involves an increase in the N.R.R. so large as to require all our efforts, both in the attempt to spread relevant facts as widely as possible and in a campaign for a strong and positive Government policy.

C. MOSER

B.B.C. MUGWUMPS

SIR,—One of your commentators looks forward to an age when B.B.C. mugwumpery will be no more. While I very much hope that he will prove to be right, my own recent encounters with that organisation do not make me very hopeful. Some months ago now I was summoned, without any previous advances on my part, to discuss the possibility of a book talk, and negotiations progressed favourably until I was invited to discuss a book on whose contents I hold controversial opinions, and it came out that I was an anarchist and did not support the war. My interviewer was obviously quite genuinely distressed by this: he told me that in that case, unless I could assure him that I had not made a practice of giving public expression to these heresies, I could not broadcast about anything, even bee-keeping. He then asked me for an undertaking to say nothing about the interview to anybody, which I need hardly say he failed to get.

A couple of weeks ago I received another unsolicited invitation to record a broadcast on English literature to liberated Europe. I asked for an assurance that the black list was no more, and was told that so far as the European Service went, it had never existed. A script was composed for me, but it did not contain any information about the literary scene in general, and I was forced to rewrite it myself. On the morning of the recording I was very courteously notified that the broadcast could not take place, with the subsequent explanation that the European authority concerned objected to any reference to the fact that certain English writers had declined to join the Forces. The principal of this section has since assured me that he raised no such objection, and the broadcast went on the air with a very fine tailpiece by Eliot describing the conception of artistic freedom, and saying that if the writer is not left alone to say what he likes he has a moral duty to keep silent.

I am deliberately abstaining from putting my name to this letter. I do not wish it to appear that I have a feud with the B.B.C.—I never asked to broadcast. The points of importance seem to me to be these: that anyone, whatever his ideas, may broadcast if he gives an undertaking that nobody knows him to be "no wholly in sympathy"; that notorious heretics may not broadcast about anything, even if their script is unexceptionable; that I was asked to hush up the fact that such censorship exists to-day, in spite of all the protestations made over the *affaire* Alan Bush; and that one may not discuss the work of poets who are heretics, unless one abstains from mentioning their heresy. I don't see how one can talk about English poetry since 1940 without referring to writers who do not support the war, any more than one can talk about French writing without mentioning de Montherlant. While nobody expects the B.B.C. to broadcast talks on pacifism and anarchism, I cannot help thinking that a regime of excluding all *Kulturbolschevismus* may bear very unfortunate fruit. Censorship is undesirable, but it is far less undesirable than the attempt to hush up the fact that censorship of art and artistic ideas exists.

A HERETIC.

ADULT EDUCATION

SIR,—Your correspondents who have written under the above heading seem to be unaware that every town has at least one "News Room," and the great cities often more than a score, in their Public Libraries. Though few of them include all the activities mentioned by Air Vice-Marshal Thorold, some librarians have made many and varied experiments in informal adult education on lines not dissimilar from those advocated. The Sheffield City Libraries, for example, have provided, in addition to a wide range of services for those engaged in formal study, book, pamphlet and poster exhibitions, discussion groups, readers' clubs, lantern and epidiascope lectures, film shows, and a great variety of annotated reading lists and guides. Unfortunately, all these activities have been suspended for the duration because 75 per cent of the staff have been called-up.

The main problem in adult education is to find ways of stirring the intellectual curiosity of the vast mass of the people, to whom formal education has no appeal, and it is rather surprising that those who are now beginning to realise this have not learned from the experience of Public Libraries, which have been engaged in this work, in one form or another, for over 90 years. Active Public Libraries are Information Centres, used regularly by something like ten million people. Would it not be more reasonable to provide means to strengthen and develop their services than to create new organisations to experiment with ideas and methods already tried out on a vast public by progressive librarians?

J. P. LAMB
City Librarian
Sheffield City Libraries.

RUSSIAN GUESTS

SIR,—In your issue of November 11th, "Critic" quotes Priestley on the need for taking "the business of cultural exchange [with the Soviet Union] out of the vague atmosphere of resolutions, messages and occasional cables," and beginning "to plan the actual machinery of exchange." "Critic" remarks, "I couldn't agree more," and says that we should begin "as soon as conditions permit." Why do they not permit now? Will you please make a start by arranging with the Soviet authorities for one of the Russian prisoners now in camp in England to spend a week here at Christmas? We should be happy to offer him hospitality. Our other allies are receiving this kind of hospitality.

JOHN R. BAKER
Burnt Oak,
Kidlington,
Nr. Oxford.

PASTOR NIEMOELLER

SIR,—One may hope that Mr. Wiener's book will be published at a price which will restrict its study to trained scholars who will still be liable, whether he likes it or not, to refer to the context of his quotations. If he wishes to maintain that the resistance of the Confessional Church was a purely internal dispute regarding Church administration, Niemoeller's statement that "we are not driven by care for our Church, but much more by care for the Third Reich" can hardly be adduced as evidence that he so regarded it. The second quotation, wrongly attributed to the Bishop of Chichester, occurs in this illuminating contest: "Without that faith which above all other things fears God, loves Him, and trusts Him, there could be no authority, no truth, no justice, in the life of the nation. And so he welcomed January 30th, 1933, from the bottom of his heart, as the fulfilment of cherished hopes, and the beginning of a new era of successful co-operation between Church and State." It was in that faith that Niemoeller, a little later, began his defiance of the Nazi Party, despite its possession of supreme State authority and unlimited powers of physical coercion.

Christians of every nation acknowledge a debt to him and to his fellow-churchmen, for having shown once more what the obedience of Christian faith actually involves. It is a matter of opinion whether or not his sufferings are irrelevant, though it is of the essence of Christian conviction that they are not. But it is a matter of intellectual honesty to protest against Mr. Wiener's abuse of a biographical sketch which was courageous in its candour, and to deny his preposterous conclusion that Niemoeller *is* a better Nazi than he is a Christian.

W. A. WHITEHOUSE
Mansfield College,
Oxford.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE reaction from puritanism has been so strong and general in the last forty years or more that we assume the extreme forms are dying. I do not believe they are. One kind of puritanism goes, after a long battle, and a new one takes its place. In an irreligious age, puritanism simply becomes scientific or political. Or it becomes a psychological method. We may suppose that the Plymouth Brethren are a declining sect; but their place is taken by new international sects like the Jehovah's Witnesses, and this group is manifestly on the increase. It is not difficult to see why. The attack on science, the attack on social and political effort, does not affect the educated alone; it is eagerly followed by the ignorant and powerless. And then there are more intimate attractions. Extreme puritanism gives purpose, drama and intensity to private life. One of the greatest mistakes which the genial critics of puritanism make is to suppose that puritanism seen from the outside is the same as puritanism seen from the inside. Outwardly the extreme puritan appears narrow, crabbed, fanatical, gloomy and dull; but from the inside—what a series of dramatic climaxes his life is, what a fascinating casuistry beguiles him, how he is bemused by the comedies of duplicity, sharpened by the ingenious puzzles of the conscience, and carried away by the eloquence of hypocrisy. He lives like a soldier, now in the flash of battle, now in the wangling of camp and billet. However much he may bore others, he never suffers from boredom himself.

That distress eats into the lives of the children of the puritans. Puritanism burns up the air and leaves a vacuum for its descendants. I have been reading Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son*,* which describes the remarkable life of a family of Plymouth Brethren and, there, an insufferable ennui drove the son from his father's faith. Extreme peculiarity in a religious sect is exciting, even stimulating and enlarging to a child; it isolates him, and in doing so gives him a heady importance, an enormous lead (in some respects) over his more orthodox fellows. But the experience is too fierce. It creates that "chaffiness"—so quickly burned out—which the early Quakers were always talking about. The real reason for the boredom to come lies in that war against the imagination which all puritan sects—the political and scientific it should be observed, as well as the religious—have undertaken. Sir Edmund Gosse's parents would not allow their child to read or hear stories. Fact, yes; but stories were not true, therefore they were lies. The young Gosse, whose father was a scientist, was familiar with birds, insects, the creatures of the sea, and with books of scientific travel; but he had never heard of Jack the Giant Killer or Little Red Riding Hood.

> So far as my "dedication" was concerned [he writes] I can but think that my parents were in error thus to exclude the imaginary from my outlook upon facts. They desired to make me truthful; the tendency was to make me positive and sceptical. Had they wrapped me in the soft folds of supernatural fancy my mind might have been longer content to follow their traditions in an unquestioning spirit.

Yet it would be hard to call the elder Gosse a otally unimaginative man. As a scientist he was unimaginative, and so nipped the promise of his own intellect and career; but as a religious man he was riotously imaginative. He lived in the Eastern imagery of the Bible, he believed in it literally, he apprehended the instant end of the world and prepared himself for a literal flight upwards into the air towards the arms of the angels. His was simply an intense and narrow imagination. And there is a comment by the son here which is very suggestive. We might assume that Gosse senior was a typical middle class Victorian scientist and nonconformist, presumably conditioned by his class and his age and bent on the general purpose of practical self-improvement; but, as the son points out, the father's religious life sprang from a far earlier period. Gosse senior was not a nineteenth-century man; his Calvinism had survived, one might say intact, from the seventeenth century. Conduct, which meant everything to the nineteenth-century man, meant little to the elder Gosse; vision, the condition of grace, was everything. Later on, when the boy grew up and went to live in London, the father was worried very little by what the boy did; but was in agony about what he might think or feel. Was he still a dedicated soul, had he fallen from grace? To such questions the elder Gosse might bring the exhausting and pettifogging enquiry of a lawyer, rather than the imaginative anxiety of the religious mystic; but the attitude, as the son says, is nearer Bunyan's or Jeremy Taylor's than it is to the nineteenth century.

In our talk about environment we too easily assume that people living in the same time, in the same place, under the same conditions, are alike in their responses. We forget the time-lags, the overlaps, the sports and faults of history. It is surprising to find that American travellers in London in the middle of the century saw an eighteenth-century city. We detect such lags and fixations in nations which are far enough away, in the Germans, the Spaniards, the Irish. We do not so easily detect them in private life. What was it that prolonged the seventeenth century stamp upon the elder Gosse? One explanation might be that, on both sides, the family was a genteel one of steadily declining fortune. No family is more tenacious of the past, more prone to fixation than the declining family. We have only to compare Gosse's quarrel with Butler's to see the difference between two contemporaries. Gosse was fortunate; for Butler's nineteenth-century father had become a kind of practical Jehovah who thrashed prayer and Latin into his son indifferently. Gosse never hated his father. There was a break, a tragic and passionate break, not a clash of wills so much as a division of principles; and, since the breach was tragic, its agony was without resentment. Butler and his father, in their common hatred, were vituperative to the end; the Gosses gazed helplessly, emotionally across the gulf of history between them. Centuries separated them. The violence of the revolutionary nineteenth century did not possess them; and so it was the scorn, the satire and hatred of Butler and not the scrupulous, unavailing sympathy and impartial regrets of Gosse, that were to whip up the violent reaction against the Victorian family, and especially the Victorian father.

Gosse's attitude to his father is acquiescent and almost Gibbonian. If Gosse's imagination had been fed in childhood he might have used his father as a starting point for one of those imaginative libels, like Dickens's portrait of Micawber, which are fatherhood's vicarious and unwilling gift to literature. But from Gosse, the ex-puritan and melodious prig, we get instead a positive, literal, sceptical document. What an incredible story the mere facts make. Nothing fixes the fantastic note like the episode of the moth. The naturalist, his wife and his child were at prayer one morning in 1855:

> . . . when through the open window a brown moth came sailing. My mother immediately interrupted the reading of the Bible by saying to my father, "Oh, Henry, do you think that can be *Boletobia*?" My father rose up from the sacred book, examined the insect, which had now perched, and replied, "No! It is only the common *Vapourer Orgyia antiqua*!" resuming his seat and the exposition of the Word, without any apology or embarrassment.

I said earlier that Gosse senior could not be called unimaginative, but as the son points out, he was certainly deficient in sympathetic imagination. In one sense his fanatical religion was scientific, an exhaustive classification and checking up. There was, for example, the question of Prophecy. The father said that no small element in his wedded happiness had been the fact that my mother and he were of one mind in the interpretation of Sacred prophecy. They took to it as profane families take to cards or the piano. They played with the Book of Revelation as if it were Happy Families or Snap:

> When they read of seals broken and of vials poured forth, of the star which was called Wormwood that fell from Heaven, and of men whose hair was as the hair of women and their teeth as the teeth of lions, they did not admit for a moment that these vivid mental pictures were of a poetic character, but they regarded them as positive statements, in guarded language, describing events which were to happen, and could be recognised when they did happen. It was the explanation, the perfectly prosaic and positive explanation, of all these wonders which drew them to study the Habershons and the Newtons whose books they so much enjoyed. They were helped by these guides to recognise in wild Oriental visions direct statements regarding Napoleon III and Pope Pius IX, and the King of Piedmont, historic figures which they conceived as foreshadowed, in language which admitted of plain interpretation, under the names of denizens of Babylon and companions of the Wild Beast.

The conviction that the last days of the queenly arrogance of Rome had come so affected Gosse's mother that her husband wrote in his diary that it "had irradiated her dying hours with an assurance that was like the light of Morning Star." As the years went slowly by—and how slowly they passed for the bored and ailing child who was expected to live at this pitch—it began to dawn on him that there was something incredibly trivial about such convictions. The elder Gosse could swallow Eliot's stuff about prophecy and yet reject Darwin. He was an educated man yet he could say that Shakespeare, Marlowe and Ben Jonson endangered the soul and that Dickens was preferable to Scott "because Dickens showed love in a ridiculous light." The child of such a man was obliged to develop two selves. One assented, got itself publicly baptised and dedicated at the age of ten, and confounded the wise with his theology and unction; the other quietly built up a very different mind—and as the sons of puritans will—an inveterate irony. This came out at the time when his father was thinking of marrying again. The father (the child sharply detected) was put, for once, in the position of the penitent. One was required, the child remembered, "to testify in season and out of season." Was the lady (he therefore asked) "one of the Lord's children"? Had she, he pressed, "taken up her cross in baptism"? The father had to admit that the lady had been brought up in the "so-called Church of England." "Papa," said the little prig, wagging his finger, "Don't tell me that she's a pedobaptist?"

Gosse was encouraged to draw this portrait by the revolt of the times. He was faced by the difficulty that at the moments when narrow or peculiar religion is behaving most ludicrously it is also providing its adherents with emotions or intentions that one must respect. Nothing could have been more intellectually disgraceful and spiritually diastrous than the boy's public dedication; nothing more dingily farcical; or more humiliating when one considers that Gosse's father was, after all, an educated man. Yet one must respect the emotions that the participant felt. There is, as Gosse said, something comic and tragic, really tragic, in the theme. On a similar subject Mark Twain became savage; he was driven to a kind of insulting nihilism. Gosse, in the end, was rather more bored than outraged by his father, for he understood the defect of character that had caused the malady. He saw that the sin was the denial of the imagination and the pestering of the judgment. He saw that at the time of the Darwin crisis, his father had really sold his intellect and perhaps his soul. That flight to Devonshire was a flight from the society of his equals who would challenge his faith every day, into a society of rustics who could be guaranteed to swallow everything he said. We smile with amusement and irony at the two figures: the father examining his insects under the naturalist's microscope, the son applying the lens of the biographer and producing one of the most brilliant miniators of his century.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* FATHER AND SON By Edmund Gosse. *Heinemann.*

GERMANY'S REBELS

In Tyrannos. Four Centuries of Struggle Against Tyranny in Germany. A Symposium. *Lindsay Drummond.* 16*s.*

"There's nothing of Germany I want to keep except my books." It was a brilliant and successful German writer, by birth a Jew, who said this in my hearing the other day. To-day he is an exile in London and in middle life his career is at an end. The thousands of able refugees who have saved little from the wreck of German civilisation, except their lives and their books, would be less than human if they could escape their moments, nay their torturing hours of bitterness. But in the minds of the best among them memory battles with resentment. There were men behind the books they value—the brave and enlightened men who wrote them and the millions who cherished them and modelled their lives upon them. To do honour to these leaders of the nobler German tradition a group of exiled writers have collaborated in producing for our benefit this volume of biographical sketches. Among them is the friend I have quoted. It is something more than a book; it is an act of rare generosity. The contributors have settled their own account with their persecutors by presenting us with a portrait gallery of the comrades who suffered with them during four centuries in the still unfinished struggle against barbarism in their native country. If they have done a service to the better Germany, we also owe them a debt, for we shall stumble and err, unless we can school ourselves to face all the facts of this unfamiliar history. In these pages we meet the rebels as well as the tyrants.

My work has obliged me to make some study of German history. But this book has given me what I lacked before, a sense of the continuity and width of the German struggle for freedom. It was much less spasmodic than I had supposed, and behind the few conspicuous champions who fell in the front ranks there were multitudes of obscure lieutenants, who also suffered and dared. Of the two big efforts for freedom, when the great masses of this nation swung into action, the Peasants' War of 1525 and the Liberal campaign of 1848, we all know something, but how many of us could give any coherent account of the incessant struggles that filled two decades of the nineteenth century and culminated on the barricades of Vienna and Berlin? How many armed risings were there, how many students' conspiracies, how many mutinies of the militia, how many executions, sometimes aggravated by torture? To form any lively picture of the Thirties and Forties of the last century one must go about it as some of these writers have done, by exhuming forgotten letters, piecing biographies together and reproducing the recollections which they drew from their grandfathers in boyhood. There results a massive impression of ferment and rebellion to which in our own days there is hardly a parallel unless it be in Russia round about 1905. There are, moreover, objective facts to confirm this impression. In Paris alone, when Marx and Heine found an asylum there, there were 80,000 German political refugees.

In this book, in a series of portraits that begin with Ulrich von Hutten and end with Karl Liebknecht, we have the story of this long struggle for freedom. With the men of action some thinkers and writers are included, Leibnitz, Lessing, Hegel, Nietzsche and Heine, while two essays deal with the Peasants' War and 1848.

I could have wished that more space had been allotted to these two turning points in German history, though Fredrich Heymann and Monty Jacobs have done all that practised writers could do to make them intelligible to the English reader. If in outlook and destiny England is the antithesis to Germany, the chief reason may be, as Treitschke was the first to argue, that in Germany in the sixteenth century it was the feudal Right which won, whereas in our country a century later it was defeated at Marston Moor and Naseby. Dr. Karl Wolff has painted Lessing for us not merely as a rather pugnacious devotee of truth, but as a lovable human being. That Leibnitz is in his proper place in this volume, I am not sure. He fought no tyrants and the broad effect of his optimism upon his century was to reinforce the complacency and inertia of the ruling caste. Was the man who tried to lure Louis XIV into an invasion of Egypt a pacifist, as Dr. Bluth calls him? But a great citizen of the world he assuredly was, who sought to give it a universal language and an all-embracing religion. Again I could have wished that Kant rather than Hegel had been the chosen philosopher of this portrait gallery. What emerges from Hugo Fischer's study is chiefly his seminal influence on the European Left from Marx to Croce. Dr. Friedmann has carried out a brilliant rescue in snatching Nietzsche from the clutches of the Nazis. Hellenist that he was, he was as far removed from their barbarism as a sensitive European could be. There are full chapters on Marx and Lasselle, but the most successful essays may be those that deal with a relatively simple and straightforward subject—notably "Spartacus," by Hanno Lind. Mr. Sternfeld has written a moving human document on "German Students and their Professors," while Heinrich Fischer's study of the daring Viennese genius Karl Kraus is doubly welcome, because he is so little known in this country. In sum this book, which owes not merely its genial introductory essay but its inspiration to its editor, Hans Reyfisch, is as readable as it is instructive.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE HIGHER CRITICISM OF MUSIC

Musical Articles from the Encyclopædia Britannica. By DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Essays in Musical Analysis: Chamber Music. By DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Beethoven. By DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Interpretation of the Music of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By ARNOLD DOLMETSCH. 15*s.*

(All published by the *Oxford University Press.*)

The death of Donald Tovey meant several kinds of loss to the world of music, because he was not only a scholar and an executant of a high order, but also a composer of no mean imagination. For these reasons his musical criticism is of the kind rightly called creative, since his comparative researches into the depths of musical composition and history have radically modified many people's ideas on the basic features of form, harmony, melody and rhythm. An enemy of the solemn, the pretentious and the superficial, Tovey wrote about music in an admirably accessible style, marred only by a bad habit of jokes that hold up his arguments without really illuminating them. His was a most ingratiating personality, and it enabled him to write profoundly about music without incurring the hostility of those—and they are many—who regard critics as a species of mole.

In point of fact the occupational disease of artistic criticism is only rarely envious malice; far more commonly it is just overwork—the necessity of attending to and noticing a great quantity of bad art. The result, it is to be feared, is that some few critics come subconsciously to dislike the art to which an original sensitiveness caused them to devote their discriminative faculties. But these are exceptions, and in view of the hatred with which many otherwise intelligent people (numbering among them, it must be said, a large proportion of unsuccessful artists) regard all critics, it cannot be too emphatically stated that criticism is not only a perfectly legitimate function of the mind, but a most necessary one. For the good critic infinitely prefers to appreciate and compare, rather than to carp, which is always depressing unless the object of criticism is quite impressively vile. The fact that so many great artists—among them Baudelaire and Schumann—have thought it worth their while to write about art as well as to create it, suggests that the two activities are not as wide apart as is generally thought. A literary critic like Walter Bagehot, an art critic like Roger Fry and a musical critic like Paul Henry Lang, are artists in appreciation and the discovery of the hidden processes of creation, and their work provides the oxygen in the atmosphere which keeps art alive.

To this distinguished band Donald Tovey unquestionably belonged. It is my personal opinion that his most profound, as well as his most fascinating, criticism is to be found in the volumes of his *Essays in Musical Analysis*, but there can be no doubt of the advantage in possessing his contributions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* bound into a single volume. As Mr. Hubert Foss says in his introduction, "Tovey set great store by these articles; they represent his mature considerations on divers aspects of music which pretty well cover the whole ground, and, taken in a general light, they could hardly be more interesting or more comprehensive." The biographies which Tovey wrote for the same compilation are not included in this volume—rightly so, I think, for they contain little of critical value that he has not said elsewhere.

Tovey's approach to music was in no sense revolutionary: he had no axe to grind and no doctrine to preach; he *expounded*, in the light of abundant knowledge and a great deal of practical experience. His prejudices were few, but such as they are they reveal the bias of his mind towards Teutonic music. A distaste for Liszt that amounted to incomprehension, and a comparative neglect of French and Russian music, with the significant exception of Berlioz and Saint-Saëns: such are the lacunæ which we might expect to find in an English critic of Tovey's generation. More harmful, perhaps, was his refusal to see that the way to bring order out of the present confusion of styles is not to cling to classical rules but to evolve a new system. Tovey was fairly contemptuous of any such attempts that met his eye, and evidently thought this attitude consistent with severity towards any composer who, while preserving classical forms, deviated at all far from classical harmony and tonality. To this extent the charge of academicism, which is sometimes levelled at Tovey's criticism (though more often at his music) is justified; but it is fairer and more constructive to realise that on his own ground no critic has contributed more to the elucidation of masterpieces.

His method of approaching his audience could be thought disingenuous. It was characteristically British in him to pooh-pooh the difficulties inherent in technical criticism and to claim that the layman could easily comprehend what he wrote; yet I doubt whether any of his analytical essays will be thoroughly understood by anyone who cannot read a score and has not something more than the rudiments of musical syntax. There is a vile tradition in our universities that a wholly serious subject had better be approached in a mock-serious manner, and the dreadful jokes with which Tovey playfully trounces the reader are his method of pretending that he is not a highbrow writer. The pretence was ill-founded and did him a disservice with those to whom music is more than a pastime.

On the other hand, as a highly educated man, Tovey could be extremely witty, and some of his most profound passages of criticism have a general brilliance that is delightful.

> If you wish to build a musical cloudscape like Bach's Chromatic Fantasia, or even like the arpeggio Preludes in the Forty-Eight, you must build it out of something like nature's materials. Nature builds hers on a scale of many miles in three dimensions, but she builds with air and water-vapour. The painter will not vulgarise his skyscape by making the clouds take the form of a human face, nor will he even think highly of the clever artist who places a harbour-view of the New York skyscrapers beneath a cloudscape which too obviously imitates their outlines. Similarly, Bach will not put Gounod's Ave Maria on the top of his First Prelude, quite apart from such a matter of taste as addressing the Virgin with the musical equivalent of "darling" in the eleventh bar. If he puts melody on the top of an arpeggio prelude at all, it will be as florid as in the E minor Tenth Prelude, where you may notice two

things: first, as has already been pointed out, that the bass of this prelude is a very steady descent, so that, if the whole is a cloudscape, it is in a very solid perspective; and secondly, that the melody is so florid that it is more like cirrus clouds than like anything more concrete.

That paragraph occurs in Tovey's unfinished monograph on Beethoven—a subject on which he was an acknowledged master and which drew out all his best qualities as a critic. Read in conjunction with the analyses of particular works in Tovey's earlier volumes, this book gives a most thorough insight into the compositional methods of Beethoven, and provides, by hint and implication, an original picture of the man himself. It is tragic that Tovey should not have lived to complete so important a book; meanwhile, in spite of an obvious lack of revision, it is much more than a fragment.

A sentence in Tovey's wonderful essay on Bach's Goldberg Variations (in the Chamber Music Volume) gives, in succinct and amusingly characteristic phrases, the substance of Mr. Dolmetsch's invaluable and now reprinted book:

> So long as we avoid weak or exclusively modern traits, so long as we do not indulge in unscholarly renderings of ornaments, in pedal effects based on modern conceptions antagonistic to distinct part-writing, in sophistications, paradoxes, flippancy, *Weltschmerz*, and all else that makes art unnecessarily hard to understand, we cannot put too much life into our reading of old classics.

If only all executants of late Renaissance and Baroque music would accept Mr. Dolmetsch's instructions and follow them, the effects in performance would be far-reaching.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

POINTS OF VIEW

Trumpet Voluntary. By G. B. STERN. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Where's Sammy? By SAMMY SCHULMAN. *Herbert Jenkins.* 15*s.*

The difference between these autobiographical accounts is conveyed in their opening sentences. Miss Stern begins:

> Whenever I come out into the Rope-walk, now that I have returned from the Berkshire Downs to London, I always glance pensively towards my former abode.

And Mr. Schulman, at whose photographic records of history in the process of being made you must often have looked in the newspapers and magazines of the last ten years:

> What made *this* Sammy run on that August morning twenty years ago was that Warren Gamaliel Harding had died.

Off and on, for 280 pages, Miss Stern "glances pensively" at the effects upon her personal history of the events which Sammy Schulman "runs" to record. But what is the quality of Miss Stern's pensiveness? On the day in 1942 that the French Fleet scuttled itself in Toulon, she was dining at Boulestin's, and in a succulent passage of 48 lines she recalls with effective relish the liquid and solid composition of that somewhat un-austerity dinner. Her subsequent comment on the news from France is contained in three lines:

> Had we known a couple of hours sooner, there would have been no irony in toasting that valiant hopeless gesture in the last bottle of Chablis le Pinet Blanc, 1929.

Now I have no quarrel with Miss Stern for dining at Boulestin's: it is the comparative scale of values implied in this and many similar passages which irritates. You are reminded of the popular song of some years ago: "It ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it." Miss Stern has herself described the theme of *Trumpet Voluntary* with perhaps unconscious aptness:

> We chant a threnody for rhythm and normality by our too mournful insistence that the war has irrevocably smashed everything.

But what had the war, in fact, smashed up for her, apart from her Albany rooms, at the ruins of which she pensively glances in the first paragraph of Chapter One? She scatters a neat catalogue throughout the book: trips by Train Bleu to the Riviera, visits to Vienna and Istamboul and Trinidad, "and certainly, no doubt about it, America in the winter." We hear a constant undertone of nostalgic regret for the mixture more or less as before, and superimposed upon it a vague note of uneasiness when she is confronted with the physical manifestation of the war, curiously synonymous, one feels, with a major operation she underwent at the beginning of 1940.

Miss Stern places herself in the intellectual *grand monde* between the wars — she has a disconcerting trick of referring to "Noel" and "John," for example, and only letting you incidentally into the secret that she is talking familiarly of Mr. Coward and Mr. Van Druten. Her book has the graceful charm of a past world, seen mistily through mellow and regretful eyes, but her constant side-slipping from topic to topic becomes after a time irritating, and in the end tiresome. You shut the book, which ends, as it begins, for no apparent reason, with the thought that here was one, harmless enough, who fiddled while Rome burned, and is now, that her violin is broken, at a loss. You feel inclined to mutter, perhaps ungraciously, "So what?"

While Miss Stern is "pensive," Sammy Schulman "runs"; and in contrast to the dominant note of *Trumpet Voluntary*, Mr. Schulman's account leaves the impression that in the 15 years or so before 1939, during which he covered photographically most of the more sensational events on both sides of the Atlantic, he was only preparing his talents and personality which came to full fruition at the outbreak of the war. Unlike Miss Stern, he is not a professional writer, and his book is neither graceful nor charming; but it has the crude humour and the crude and immediate taste of reality. The unpolished and direct vitality with which he chronicles the very rawness of contemporary history is like a breath of clean, cold, impersonal wind after reading *Trumpet Voluntary*, and his inarticulateness at times conveys a feeling that is deeper than all the 280 pages of Miss Stern's book.

Trumpet Voluntary is a luxury product, like the glass of Chablis le Pinet Blanc, 1929, which Miss Stern raised to the scuttled French Fleet. *Where's Sammy?* is symbolised by a sentence on the last page but one:

> If in peace a picture is worth 10,000 words, a war-picture must be worth 100,000, for it conveys an emotion which takes so many, many words to convey—the emotion of horror.

However unfortunately, it is that, and not Miss Stern's world, which is the world of to-day.

W. P. RILLA

NEGRO SEGREGATION

Patterns of Negro Segregation. By CHARLES S. JOHNSON. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

This ponderous volume is one of a number of memoranda written at the request of Dr. Karl Gunnar Myrdal of the University of Stockholm, to assist him in his general study of Negro life in America, a task entrusted to him by the Carnegie Corporation. The author delights in phrases like "neglect to take hygienic measures for cleanliness," but if the reader can ignore the style, he will find a comprehensive and well-documented survey of the varying patterns of Negro segregation in the United States.

These patterns are diverse and depend on the social and economic factors dominant in each region. A great many examples of differing racial practices are cited:

> Some of the office buildings in Atlanta have a separate elevator for Negroes. All Negroes must ride up in this elevator, but all of the cars will take Negroes down.

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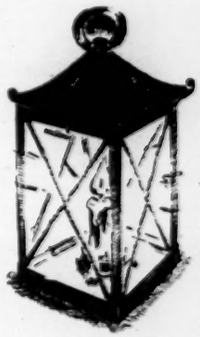

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Convention varies to such an extent that Negroes are often uncertain as to the behaviour expected of them.

Mr. Johnson distinguishes four major response patterns by the Negro; acceptance, avoidance, indirect hostility and overt hostility. In the South, the middle and lower class Negroes tend to accept the race conventions, either unconsciously or as a matter of expediency. Upper class Negroes react somewhat differently and in order to preserve a sense of self-esteem, avoid all race contacts which might give them a sense of inferiority. It is in the border and Northern States that the Negro reacts most vehemently to the racial pattern, and it is noteworthy that none of the race riots last year occurred in Southern cities. Unfortunately, the reactions of whites to current racial conventions do not get the attention that they deserve.

The most obvious fault in the book is found in the author's analysis of segregation in sex relations. He quite rightly points out that miscegenation is still widely practiced and that this is usually between Negro women and white men rather than between Negro men and white women. He describes several interviews which indicate that even the more liberal-minded dislike racial mixture, and he implies that fear of racial mixture is at the bottom of racial prejudice, at any rate so far as the white man's "protection" of white women is concerned. He does not, however, give sufficient emphasis to the social consequences of miscegenation and the conventional prejudice against mulattoes. Until prejudice of this sort is eliminated by a much wider knowledge of elementary biological facts, inter-racial marriage will remain a challenge which few have the courage to accept.

SYDNEY D. BAILEY

The U.S.S.R. By J. S. GREGORY and D. W. SHAVE. *Harrap.* 21*s.*

This geographical survey of the Soviet Union will answer a long-standing demand. It is admirably suited either for use as a text-book in higher education or as a companion to the numerous political histories of the U.S.S.R., for it supplies the indispensable physical background to any study of contemporary Russia. It is divided into two parts. The first, a general survey, deals with the geological structure, climate, vegetation, soil and nationalities. The second, which is concerned with the analysis of the regional geography of the Union, takes each in turn and treats them thoroughly. One merit of this invaluable book is that the authors have kept continually in mind the political and historical importance of the facts which they present, so that it is possible for the reader to understand the relation of Russian industrial development to the country's defence plans. It can be recommended without reserve.

New Road, 1944. Edited by ALEX COMFORT and JOHN BAYLISS. *Grey Walls Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The sub-title of this anthology, "new directions in European art and letters," is grossly inaccurate. The contents include United States and South American sections; the best story, "The Shroud," is by Prem Chand, an Indian; and European contributors are, with a few notable exceptions, neither sufficiently gifted nor qualified to indicate, let alone direct, the road of contemporary arts and letters. There can be no creative purpose without some standard of values. The anarchic, mock-romantic doctrine favoured by editors of satellite work centred round the Apocalyptic group of young writers encourages incoherence and illiteracy to hide behind a mask of profundity. In a recent article Mr. Spender remarked that he could not help sometimes wishing that instead of schools of poets, there were schools *for* poets. One might extend that to include editors who fail to estimate talent by the yardstick of experience and good taste. Meanwhile, it is fortunate that the rarer gems still glitter despite their shoddy setting. Mr. Spender's poem, "The Conscript," and poems by Ruthven Todd, Patricia Ledward, and Dylan Thomas are original and restrained. An essay by Derek Stanford on modern art and society is, despite redundancies, a stimulating effort to reconcile form with the prevailing farrago of æsthetic doubt. The experimental translation of poems from the Hungarian of Endre Ady also deserves mention.

Speaking from the Desert. By GODFREY TALBOT. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Dawn Like Thunder. By RODERICK MACDONALD. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Fighting Norsemen. By R. B. NYQUIST. *Hutchinson.* 6*s.*

Among the last books from Africa is *Speaking from the Desert*. Mr. Talbot is well known for his broadcasts on that campaign, and his book fills the gaps in his radio talks and explains the many, and sometimes amusing, difficulties of broadcasting from a war front. The author, accompanied by a guiding officer, a radio engineer, drivers and his mobile wireless unit, was generally to be found wherever there was fighting. While, inevitably, he covers familiar ground, his self-contained unit made it possible for him to move quickly and often to be present where other correspondents were about. Consequently, although we have been armchair belligerents with the 8th Army before, we do have life through some new engagements. Also, of course, the author's efforts to record both sounds of battle and the voices and reactions of the soldiers, gave him an approach to the war somewhat different to that of either the war correspondent or the writing service man. The book, though rather late in the day, has a freshness of its own.

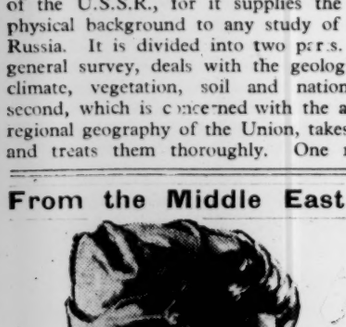
Dawn Like Thunder begins with a less recorded war, the war in China. It is the story of Mr. Roderick Macdonald, of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, who recently joined the growing list of correspondents killed in action. (He died at Cassino, shot in the first days of our successful attack and advance on that battle front.) It seems inevitable that a book on China, whether in peace or in war, should have a disquieting vagueness, that, especially, campaigns and battles should seem disjointed. Like the country, the war, then mainly defensive and lacking solid fronts, was scattered. Mr. Macdonald resigned himself to stoicism and muddle and to the strange, frequently horrible, conditions he met everywhere. The book, so far as it goes, is an interesting mirror of China at war. But it does not go very far, for the author was sent to another losing war in Burma, and on, inevitably, to North Africa.

Fighting Nørsemen is an excellent little book, factual, unswerving and containing a fine story of the Norwegian Services and Merchant Navy in action. It describes the rebirth of these forces from 1940 until now, when they are active in every branch of modern warfare: manœuvres in Iceland, commando raids at Spitzbergen, Lofoten Islands, Vaagsoe and many other places. The work of Norwegian destroyers and corvettes, M.T.B.s and gunboats is recounted clearly and vividly. The Merchant Service is given much deserved space. It is a story of brave and stoical exiles who, for some reason, have never had the credit they deserve.

The Development of Public Services in Western Europe. By SIR ERNEST BARKER. *Oxford University Press.* 5*s.*

Since we are not all too rich in serious studies in the field of comparative political science, many students will welcome Sir Ernest Barker's essay on the development of the Public Services in England, France and Germany from 1660 to 1930. The essay though extremely lucidly written is rich in facts, but it suffers perhaps from over-condensation and a somewhat exaggerated logicality. Sir Ernest begins with an account of State administration in France, Prussia and England and discusses then in four

From the Middle East



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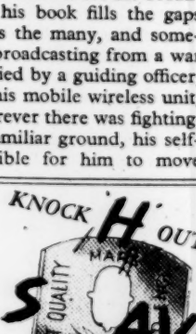

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further chapters citizens' duties and rights, hereby assuming conscription and taxation as duties and social services and education as rights. Such a classification gives a well-balanced picture, yet this balance, though instructive for the beginner, seems a little artificial. For example, Sir Ernest's remarks about the history of education in Prussia are rather formal; even the historian of the Hohenzollern, Professor Hintze, had to admit that Frederick II's educational reforms, whereby he used his crippled N.C.O.s for village teachers, were an institution which corresponded more to the Prussian military State than to the needs of education. It is surprising that Sir Ernest does not discuss the impact of Roman Law on the continental administrative systems, though he indicates the role common law has played in the general setting of the English administrative system. In this respect, too, his essay is too smooth when confronted with the complex realities of history.

NEW PAMPHLETS

WORLD CO-OPERATION. By N. Barou. *Fabian Society.* 2*s.*

A survey of the co-operative movement throughout the world, specially written for the Rochdale Centenary. Contains much useful information and critical analysis.

PALESTINE CAN TAKE MILLIONS. By Abraham Revusky and Walter Lowdermilk. *Jewish Agency for Palestine.* 6*d.*

A discussion of Palestine's resources, with special reference to the Jordan Valley plan.

FREE YUGOSLAVIA. *Yugoslavia Emergency Committee.* 6*d.*

An outline of the partisans' struggle and their political programme.

WAR CRIMINALS. By D. N. Pritt. *Labour Monthly.* 1*s.*

An analysis of Allied declarations of policy towards war criminals, and suggestions for improving that policy.

FRANCE. By Dorothy Pickles. *Oxford.* 6*d.*

A description of some of the enduring traditions of France, and of the problems which arose under the Third Republic.

BRITAIN'S HOUSING SHORTAGE. By M. Bowley. *Oxford.* 6*d.*

A brief outline of the housing problem.

THE STORY OF TOOLS. By V. Gordon Childe. *Cobbett.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

The development of tools and their social effects, illustrated with diagrams.

VICTORY, PEACE, SECURITY. *Communist Party.* 1*s.*

The report of the recent Communist Party Congress.

WHAT WILL PLANNING MEAN IN TERMS OF MONEY? E. F. Schumacher. *Architectural Press.* 6*d.*

Another booklet in the series dealing with democratic planning.

Week-end Competition

No. 775

Set by Joan Mair

George Moore's house in Ebury Street, recently repaired after bomb damage, is now a ladies' hat-shop. The usual prizes are offered for extracts from a conversation (250 words) in which Moore and one or more of those friends who regularly attended his "evenings" discuss this metamorphosis.

Entries should be received not later than Monday, Dec. 18.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 772

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet in which the poet sustains a comparison of his lady with a machine.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

Shall I compare thee to my motor bike? or my jeep, my Hoover, my watch, my Combine, my Spitfire, my concertina which is at its best when squeezed? So they raved. And that is not the end of an enormous list which included several wireless sets, ships' engines, telephones, dynamos and, that most remarkable of all machines, a bulldozer. And I have just remembered a "stutter-tub" whose final attraction is its "thumping screw." What ironmongery! It was matter for conceit rather than straight description. Hassall Pitman's adding machine was a model:

> Comptomita, to-thine own self too true
> Wilt thou not share that calculated love?
> In fair division held betwixt us two
> It will no casting error on thee prove.

And J. E. Dawson's Hoover pursued a grimly symbolical course:

> We were no more. We loved. She took us in.
> Oh, bitter courteous, too impartial One—
> To grant all equal such oblivion.

A. M. Robertson's bicycle ends with what is hardly a conceit, but unfortunately his metaphor must be left unprinted.

The other method was the frontal attack:

> From thy fierce Kathodes halt thy piercing rays:
> Cease thy magnetic power and let me be:
> Screen off the sector where thy radiance plays
> Or from their orbits must mine eyes leap free . . .

which is the result of comparing a lady to a cyclotron. The poet appropriately heads his work with the text: "The bending of light rays in a gravitational field is a different thing altogether." I had a heavy job cutting down a swarm of semi-finalists: Little Billee, Nancy Gunter, O. H. E., Towanbucket, W. Durell, P. G., John Fay, Douglas Hawson ("You, irresistible bulldozer, traced, etc."), L. E. J. and L. E. G. among many others. In the end the first prize goes to the ingenious Yorick, and the second to Moo (address please) for taking it lightly.

FIRST PRIZE

TO MY LADY ON SEEING A MODERN LOOM

I saw a Wonder loom the other day;
It seemed alive,—and, as its fingers drew
The threads of warp and woof, as if in play,
And gave them form and pattern,—lo! 'twas You!
For my life's threads were purposeless and vain
Until you came and, like that live loom, wove
Them into meaning; making my heart fain
To win you; teaching me that life is love.

Oh! take my threads and with fond fingers haste
To weave them to a garment that is meet
To lie upon your breast, to clasp your waist,
And fall in silken folds about your feet.
Ah! closer yet my Love! that, ere life's done,
We two be intertissued into one!

YORICK

SECOND PRIZE

I'd rather our affaire went down the drain,
Than idle gossips put it round the town
That you, my pet, are just a human crane
Who whirls men up, the more to dash them down
When first you caught my heart upon your hook
I travelled in ecstatic arcs above,
Perched on your iron-clad arm I found my nook
And revelled in a non-terrestial love.
This cast-iron bliss was but a frail deceit,
For, with a sudden screeching of the cog,
You dropped me; swept another off his feet—
And so I write this dreary monologue.
Yet, when I pause to look at girls *en masse*,
You're still the only one for me, Windlass.

Moo

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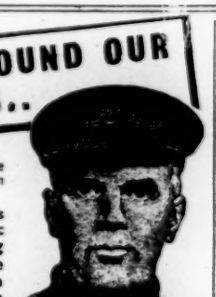

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